

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XV.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1886.

No. 2.

## READ THIS!

No matter how trivial your property may be, if it is insurable, and liable to be lost or damaged by fire, there should be no hesitation about insuring it.

It is not only proper and necessary to insure against loss or damage by fire all property of a business character, but it is equally important to insure, for a proper proportion of its value, the dwelling-house, household furniture, family wearing apparel, and household effects generally, the stable, horses, carriages, and all property which contributes to pleasure or comfort.

Get superior care and prompt attention from

**R. W. HILLIARD,**

ARLINGTON OFFICE: 13 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.  
2 SWAN'S BLOCK.

Sylvester Stickney,  
DEALER IN

**STOVES, RANGES,  
FURNACES,**

Also a full and well selected assortment of

**KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS,  
HARDWARE, Etc.**

Which are offered at prices that defy competition

**Plumbing, Gas Fitting,**

and Water Piping,

executed in all its branches by experienced

workmen.

**Arlington Ave.,**

**Arlington, - Mass.**



**Frost & Adams,**

37 Cornhill,

Boston, - Mass.,

Importers of and dealers in

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS,  
Art Novelties,**

**Draughtmen's Supplies, Etc.**

WINNOR & NEWTON'S Goods a Specialty.  
Manufacturers' agents for TUCKER & GREEN'S  
Oil Colors. Send for illustrated catalogue.  
F. S. Frost. H. A. Lawrence.  
Grocery

AGENTS WANTED for our charming New Book,  
"SOME NOTED PRINCIPLES, AUTHORS AND  
STATESMEN OF OUR TIME."

By 30 of our best writers—Cannon Farrar, Jas. T. Fields, Jas. Parton, Dickens, Hawthorne, and others. Over 60 fine portraits and engravings. "The book is brimming over with choice and rare things."—N. Y. Observer. Intelligent young men and ladies can have permanent employment. A General Agent wanted.  
THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO., Norwich, Ct.  
2Nov3m

The ideal young people's magazine. It holds the first place among periodicals of its class.

—Boston Journal.

## ST. NICHOLAS.

An illustrated monthly periodical for boys and girls, appearing on the 25th of each month. Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. Price, 25 cents a number, or \$3.00 a year, in advance. Bookellers, newsdealers, postmasters, and the publishers take subscriptions, which should begin with the November number, the first of the volume. ST. NICHOLAS aims both to satisfy and to develop the tastes of its constituency, and its record for the past twelve years, during which it has always stood, as it stands to-day, at the head of periodicals for boys and girls, is a sufficient warrant for its excellence during the coming season. The editors announce the following as among the

LEADING FEATURES OF 1885-86:

A Serial Story by Francis Hodgson Burnett. The first long story she has written for children. A Christmas Story by W. D. Howells. With humorous pictures by his little daughter. "George Washington," by Horace E. Scudder. A novel and attractive historical serial. Short Stories by Scott O. Lewis, M. Alcott. The first—"The Candy Queen,"—in November. New "Bits of Talk for Young Folks," by "H. H." This series forms a graceful and fitting memorial of a child-loving and child-helping sister. Papers on the Great English Schools, Rugby and others. Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. A Sea-Coast Serial Story, by J. T. Trowbridge, will be life-like, vigorous and useful. "The Boyhood of Shakespeare," a serial by James Otis. Dealing with newsboys life and enterprise. Frank R. Stockton will contribute several of his humorous and fanciful stories. "Drill," by John Preston True. A capital school-story for boys. The Boyhood of Shakespeare, by Rose Kingsley. With illustrations by Alfred Parsons. Short Stories by some of the prominent writers, including Susan Coolidge, H. B. Boyesen, Nora Perry, T. A. Janvier, Washington Gladden, Rosset Johnson, Joseph Miller, Sophie May, Hezekiah Butterworth, W. O. Howells, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and many others. ENTERTAINING SKETCHES by Alice W. Rollins, Charles G. Leland, Henry Eckford, Lieutenant Schwab, Edward Eggleston, and others. Poems, shorter contributions, and departments will complete what the Rural New Yorker calls "the best magazine for children in the world." 2Nov3 THE CENTURY CO., New York.

## A. H. POTTER & CO.,

**Watchmakers and Jewelers,**

IMPORTERS OF

**DIAMONDS & PRECIOUS STONES**

421 Washington St.

BOSTON, - MASS.

A. H. POTTER, S. W. CUSHING

10ap4p

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAY. BANK.

Wm. G. Peck, President.  
The offices are in Bank Building, corner of  
Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street and are  
open for business Wednesday and Saturday  
afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock  
Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

## UTOPIA SKATING CLUB, ARLINGTON.

No pains will be spared to maintain the best of  
good of order and to make this a model place  
of amusement for the young ladies and gentle-  
men of Arlington and vicinity.

Admission, - - 15 Cents.

Skate Checks, 10 Cents.

## POLO!

League Game,

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 9.

MAYNARDS.

VS;

ARLINGTONS.

Game called at 8.30, sharp.

Admission to all League Games, 20 cts.

J. H. RUSSELL, Manager.

## PURE WHITE WHEAT MEAL

INSTEAD OF FLOUR  
FOR BREAD!

Nature's Great Vital Energy Recupercator.

Reasons Why it is Preferable to Flour.

Facts are Stubborn Truths.

Flour is the only impoverished food used by  
mankind—impoverished by the withdrawal of  
the tegumentary portion of the wheat, leaving  
the internal or starchy portion. In chemistry we  
find that in 100 parts of substance—  
Wheat has an ash of 17.7 parts;  
Flour an ash of 4.1 parts,—an impoverishment  
of over three-quarters.  
Wheat has 0.6 Lime, and 0.4 Soda;  
Flour 0.1 Lime and 0.1 Soda,—an impoverishment  
of five-sixths Lime and Soda each.  
Wheat has Sulphur 1.5; Flour has no sulphur.  
Wheat has Sulphuric Acid 0.5; Flour has no  
Sulphuric Acid.  
Wheat has Silica, 0.3; Flour has no Silica.

Regimen and Diet.

Every effort of the mind or movement of a muscle  
involves the expenditure, or waste, of nervous  
energy and vitality, in proportion to the  
magnitude of the effort; these wasted products  
pass off with effete substances from the body,  
while recuperation is effected by nutrition. The  
loss of Physical force by using Common Flour is  
immense, which analysis proves.

First, then, make use of

**Arlington Wheat Meal,**

(Made from all the Wheat)

A perfect food for Children, making  
them strong and vigorous—also  
imparts strength to the aged.

**Arlington Wheat Meal**

Contains ALL THE WHEAT. In the coverings  
of the wheat are the phosphates which con-  
stitute bone and muscle, and materially assist  
digestion by causing the rapid decomposition of  
the food. It is in this way the phosphates in  
ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL

act, giving new power and strength to the system.  
**Beware of Imitations.**  
For sale by Grocers everywhere.

AGENTS WANTED For Our

Just Published, entitled



**THIRTY YEARS A DETECTIVE**

BY ALLAN PINCKERTON.

Containing a thorough and comprehensive exposé  
of Criminal Practices of all Grades and Classes,  
with Numerous Episodes of Personal Experience  
in the Detection of Criminals, covering a  
period of Thirty Years Active Detective  
Life and embracing many intensely interesting  
and thrilling Detective Sketches.

An entirely new book, profusely illustrated,  
and with Portrait of the Great Detective.

AGENTS WANTED!

In every town there are numbers of people who  
will be glad to get this book. It sells to Mer-  
chants, Mechanics, Farmers and Professional men.  
This every Agent can pick out fifty or more in  
a town to whom he can feel sure of selling it to.  
We want One Agent in every township, or  
county. Any person, with this book, can  
become a successful Agent. For full particulars  
and terms to agents, address  
G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

**JAMES BASTON,**

Carpenter and Builder,

BROADWAY, ARLINGTON.

Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and  
Plans for buildings as desired. Personal atten-  
tion to all orders. 2Nov3m

Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded  
off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy of ac-  
cess. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to  
C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

## Reporter's Weekly Gatherings IN ARLINGTON.

Schools resumed their sessions on  
Monday.

The south wind and rain of Monday  
and Tuesday soon cleared Spy Pond of  
its coating of ice.

Don't forget the polo game to-mor-  
row night. It will be decidedly inter-  
esting.

The Unity Club have in preparation  
a play translated from the French. It  
will be presented in about two weeks.

The Rev. Charles L. Hutchins, of  
Medford, will officiate in St. John's  
church on Sunday morning next.

There will be a praise and conference  
meeting in the vestry of the Universalist  
church, next Sunday evening. All are  
welcome.

Miss Annie H. Newton, of Henniker,  
supplies the vacancy at the High School  
caused by the resignation of Miss Blake.

The new chapel at Arlington Heights  
is viewed with pleasure and pride by all  
interested, and with the best of good rea-  
sons.

The regular meeting of Post 36 oc-  
curs next Thursday evening, at which  
time the officers for the ensuing year will  
be installed.

Hall's grocery, on Pleasant street, is  
every way worthy of general patronage.  
First class goods, fair prices, gentlemanly  
attendance, prompt delivery of goods.

The concert by the Sunday school at  
Arlington Heights stands postponed to  
next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the  
chapel. Services in the morning as  
usual.

At the missionary concert at the Con-  
gregational church, Sunday evening,  
Mr. E. O. Grover presented a paper giv-  
ing an excellent outline of the life and  
work of that pioneer in the missionary  
field, Adoniram Judson.

The Week of Prayer has been ob-  
served at the Congregational church.  
special meetings being announced for  
each evening except Monday and Satur-  
day.

Soon the question will be, who shall  
we have for candidates for the several  
town offices. The expenses of the past  
year are likely to develop more of inter-  
est than has been shown for the past few  
years.

Dr. Mason will preach at the Con-  
gregational church, Sunday morning, on  
"Prayer in the Holy Spirit." In the  
evening he will give a discourse on "The  
first stage of Pilgrim's Progress." All  
are cordially invited.

Installation of officers of the Wo-  
man's Relief Corps occurs next Thursday  
afternoon. The idea of having a public  
installation has been abandoned. Every  
member is urged to be present.

The very bad burst in the water pipe  
through Mill street cannot be repaired  
until the water is lower. Both ends have  
been plugged so as not to interfere with  
other sections of the town.

Dr. Harris returned home this week  
and is once more attending to his busi-  
ness, better in health than was perhaps  
expected. It is pleasant to see him  
again, and we hope the relief he has ob-  
tained will be permanent.

The "Six Odd Associates" have en-  
gaged the versatile and talented Park  
Concert Co. to give a concert in Town  
Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb.  
3. It is a company almost without a  
rival in its ability to please, and presents  
more of novelty in musical instruments  
than any other. This effort to give at  
least one first class entertainment in  
Arlington should be met by a liberal  
patronage on the part of the public. See  
advertisement.

Next Wednesday evening there is to  
be a peculiarly pleasant gathering at the  
Congregational church vestry. Special  
invitations have been issued to every  
member of the church at home and  
abroad and a special effort will also be  
made to secure the attendance of all con-  
nected with the society as well. A sup-  
per will be served, after which, in place  
of the ordinary programme at the church  
sociables, reports will be given from the  
heads of all the departments of church  
work and other interesting features in-  
troduced. The annual church meeting  
will also be held in connection with this  
gathering.

Last Wednesday evening Arlington's  
polo team visited Maynard and were paid  
off in their own coin for former victories,  
the game ending with three to nothing in  
favor of the Maynards, in less than five  
minutes playing time. The rusher of  
the Maynards took the ball from the  
spot in the first rush, sending it straight  
into Arlington's goal, and the third was

almost a repetition of this. The second  
was more evenly contested, and there  
was a worthy display of polo playing,  
but luck and play were both against our  
boys. The Arlington boys protest the  
game on the plea that the Maynard team  
had their skates "doctored" by boiling  
the rollers. There are tricks in all sorts  
of trades and games.

The Middlesex Universalist Sunday  
School Union will hold its annual meet-  
ing in the Universalist church next Wed-  
nesday, Jan. 13th, afternoon and evening.  
Afternoon session at 2.30. After annual  
reports and election of officers, an ad-  
dress by Rev. S. P. Smith, of East Bos-  
ton, on "Helps and hindrances in Sunday  
school work." Evening session at 7.30,  
with address by Rev. J. M. Pullman, D.  
D., of Lynn. All are very cordially in-  
vited to attend.

A joint convention of the School  
Committee and Selectmen will be held on  
Saturday evening, to fill the vacancy in  
the former board caused by the resigna-  
tion of Mr. Chas. E. Goodwin, who was  
first chosen in 1869, and who has filled  
the position of secretary during all this  
time, the first year excepted. In him the  
schools have had a true friend, and the  
interests of the town have been faithfully  
and conscientiously served. In this era  
of change and rotation in office this long  
term of service tells its own story and is  
the best possible certificate of merit.

Last Friday evening the Westboro  
came to Arlington and played another  
game in the Union League series with  
the home team, which was witnessed by  
a fair audience, that bestowed applause  
liberally on the good points made. Bal-  
ley being sick, Washer filled his position,  
to the satisfaction of all. The first rush  
was won by Washer, who passed to Bal-  
ley. He sent it into the cage in ten sec-  
onds. The second rush was also taken  
by Washer. Play was lively. Rice of  
the Westboro and McBride of the Ar-  
lingtonians made some very fine plays. Ross  
lifted the ball through the window.  
Washer finally caged it in eighteen min-  
utes. Washer took the next rush and  
drove for the goal, but the goal-tenet  
stopped it. Then Ross lifted the ball in-  
to the air and it dropped in front of the  
Westboro goal. Bailey stood ready and  
caged it in thirty seconds.

It was a happy time at the Unitarian  
church on New Year's day and evening.  
As has been the custom for a number of  
years, the children of this church were  
given a New Year's party, which was a  
most pleasing inauguration of the new  
born year. The younger children gath-  
ered at an early hour in the afternoon  
and enjoyed themselves as only children  
can with games and in the early evening  
they were seated at the loaded tables to  
partake of the supper prepared for them.  
The tables were filled after the younger  
ones had been satisfied, by the older  
company gathered there and we have no  
doubt, all appreciated this feature to its  
full extent. The evening passed pleas-  
antly by listening to recitations by Mr.  
Bryant, of Boston, who pleasantly gave  
selections of a humorous nature, which  
excited much laughter from the com-  
pany. The readings were interspersed  
with music by the young men's orchestra  
who, for amateurs, most creditably ren-  
dered their parts, the selection in which  
Willie Fosters' cornet was given promi-  
nence, being especially pleasing. A  
pleasant feature of this occasion was the  
awarding of prizes to members of the  
Sunday school who had not been ab-  
sent during the school year, and the  
large number of thirty-four had earned  
the reward for their constancy and re-  
ceived a present of a handsome book, ap-  
propriate to their various ages. It al-  
ways seems as though each recurring  
party, on the New Year, was happier  
than its predecessor, as was claimed in  
this case.

East Lexington notes, continued from 8th page.  
ington part of the year and the remain-  
der is engaged on his plantation, about  
two miles from Durant, Mississippi.  
He says he has a good crop of corn and  
cotton. The weather there is lovely,  
the thermometer being 62 degrees at  
sunrise. Christmas time is always the  
coldest, but this year the weather is the  
loveliest he has ever known. It has  
been his custom to give the negro chil-  
dren on the plantation a treat of candy  
at Christmas, and they always say, "I  
wish you a Christmas gift, Mr. Brown,"  
and take their candy and say "good-  
bye." This year each contributed to  
the Christmas festivities, and among  
them were a few white families, and  
one hundred negroes, of all ages, from  
Uncle Isaac 85, to Miss Rose, two  
months. The negro dance and wild  
plantation songs were kept up all the  
previous night, and early in the morn-  
ing Mr. Brown had three yoke of steers  
hitched into the cotton wagon to go to  
Durant for a load of girls. The American  
flag was hoisted on a staff in the  
wagon, and red, white and blue ro-  
settes on the ox yokes, and a negro  
driver. The steers ran all the way,

but the girls enjoyed the fun, though  
there was great jostling and jolting.  
About twenty negroes did escort duty,  
forming a procession and marching  
round the cabin, all singing their jolli-  
est songs. They had single dances and  
jigs accompanied by clapping of hands  
and stamping of feet, keeping perfect  
time, then all sang and danced and it  
was more enjoyable than a theatre play.  
He says Aunt Cally, who resides on  
another plantation, is a very religious  
negress, and when he asked Uncle Bob  
to come and dance, she said, "he can't  
come for he is an old nigger and can't  
live long and if he dances will go to  
the devil, sure and soon." Mr. Brown  
replied that he would agree to keep his  
majesty safe, while he was at his house,  
so both of them came to the Christmas  
festivities and to their great surprise,  
Aunt Cally danced, and when he told  
her he thought she considered it wick-  
ed, she replied, "it is a holy dance,"  
and one of the others said, "it is not  
wicked to dance if you don't cross  
your feet." Mr. Brown says he wants  
the dancers here, to understand this  
new wrinkle in the clog, namely,—  
you can hop all round the room, like  
an old hen fettered, but don't under-  
take the "pigeon's wing" for if you do,  
the evil genius will have you, sure.  
He says they all had a jolly Christmas,  
and it lasted for several days. It is a  
real jollification and at no other time  
are high and low, rich and poor, so  
much on a level as at the Christmas  
festival.

Rev. Mr. Branigan preached from  
St. Luke, 15: 20. He said the parable  
of the prodigal son is the most beauti-  
ful from a literary point of view, and  
is a "well of truth." There are three  
reasons why a man should cease to do  
evil, and should do good. How true it  
is that the immoral man is the irra-  
tional, pleasure represents every stage  
of sin and is the enticing element.  
Some people have an idea that a man  
cannot earn a living and be a Christian,  
and the real cause of failure may be,  
that he has too little business capacity.  
Christianity should become the su-  
preme end of life. The first reason  
why a man should repent is, that it is  
for his own good, and the second, for  
the good of others. There is another  
reason why men should repent, not  
only does the world need you, but God  
needs you. We stand upon the thresh-  
hold of a new year. Sad is the flight  
of days for those who are living sinful  
lives. If we live purely, ever aiding  
our fellow men, then we will hail with  
delight the passing days and when life  
is over, may we find ourselves in the  
mansions of our father's house.

The vesper service, Sunday evening,  
was well attended, and our pastor  
spoke on the question which Nathaniel  
asked Phillip, "Can there any good  
thing come out of Nazareth?" Phillip  
saith unto him, "Come and see." He  
said, here was a familiar picture of  
Christian skepticism and therefore a  
most instructive lesson. The two  
words, man and skeptic, are very nearly  
related. Thoughtlessness in religion  
has been a great trouble, and people  
have relied too much on what the  
church said. Nathaniel wanted Phillip  
to give him proof. "Is revelation out-  
ward or inward?" "Except a man be  
born again he cannot see the kingdom  
of God." The evidence that comes  
from personal experience, is practical.  
Only those who have faith in God can  
invite others to come and see. We  
know the way and only need strength  
and discipline from above to walk in  
the light we possess.

The year which has just closed, must  
find its place in history with other  
years which seemed wonderful as they  
passed by, and as a whole, the year has  
been one of promise more than disaster  
and we can feel that our nation, states  
and even town, have taken up a few of  
the stitches they had dropped in the  
past and are ready to commence the  
new year with strong hands and hope-  
ful hearts.

The Dramatic Club had a meeting  
last Friday night and our people are  
getting a little impatient for the "mov-  
ing of the waters," but we may see be-  
fore long that "still waters run deep."

Conspicuous among the varied  
features of the January Century are the  
short stories. "Touble on Lost Mt.,"  
by J. C. Harris, is even more powerful  
than his longer novelette, "At Teague  
Potter's," the scene of both being laid  
among the moonshiners of northern  
Georgia. Another story is "The Clo-  
verfields carriage," by F. R. Stockton.  
The humorous motive is funny and en-  
tertaining. Mrs. Foote's new serial of  
western life, in the third part, points  
strongly to dramatic situations. Mr.  
James' "Bostonians" assumes new  
and interesting phases as it approaches  
the conclusion, which will be reached  
in the next number. A portrait of  
Verdi, the composer, is the frontispiece,  
which is accompanied by an entertain-  
ing anecdotal paper by Frederick A.  
Swab. Ex-Minister Benjamin's con-  
cluding paper on "The City of Tehe-  
ran" is profusely illustrated. W. J.  
Linton, contributes both the portraits  
and the text of "Some European Re-  
publicans," which include Mazzini. A  
subject of scientific interest, treated in  
a thoroughly popular style, is the pa-  
per on "Feathered Forms of Other  
Days," by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, U. S. A.



Anyone who sighs for breathing room should go to Alaska. The territory has about 370,000,000 acres and the population is less than 35,000, or over 10,500 acres for every man, woman, child, Creole, Aleut, Indian and white. Persons desiring to grow up with the country will find large opportunity in Alaska for practicing that theory.

Lake Glazier, the newly discovered source of the Mississippi, is a sparkling little lake, which nestles among the pines of a wild and unfrequented region of Minnesota, just on the dividing ridge which forms the great watershed of North America. It is about a mile and a half in greatest diameter. The waters of the lake are exceedingly pure, coming from springs.

The English royal family are blessed with good appetites. They look upon four substantial meals a day as by no means an excessive allowance of food. Even at their 5 o'clock tea the water-kale bread and butter that customarily accompany the syrupy Souchong or Orange Pekoe is supplemented by beautifully cut sandwiches, pate de foie grass and other tempting delicacies, and every justice is done to them by the illustrious ones without in any way "spoiling" the elaborate dinner that is to follow later on.

A large and substantial vault has been constructed in the New York assay office for the safe keeping of gold and silver bullion. The vault is fire and burglar proof and is fully as substantial as any in the sub-treasury at New York. Few are aware that \$40,000,000 in gold and silver bullion is stored in the assay office, which is in fact, though not in name, one of the depositories of the public money. The assay office at Carson City, Nev., has been suspended, and nearly \$1,000,000 in gold and silver on deposit there for assay was transferred to the office in New York.

In receiving visitors the President, according to an exchange, has peculiar habits in the management of his arms and hands. When he is pleased or contented to listen he holds his hands about six inches apart, with the back part of his hand against his coat. The fingers generally are quiet; but if they begin to work or contract he is growing tired. Then he will shift from one foot to the other. If the man bores him the arms gradually come forward. The move is gradual, but if the inflection continues the hands fall to the side—thumbs in. If still the visitor persists in staying the arms go out and the thumbs beat against his side. Then is the time for disappearing.

Buoyant clothing has been devised by a Londoner, and seems to be attracting some attention in that metropolis. Threads of cork are interwoven with cotton, silk, or woolen, machinery which slices the cork to the required thickness forming part of the invention. From these new materials clothes of ordinary appearance are constructed which bear up the wearer when committed unexpectedly to the water. (The worth of the new fabrics was thoroughly tested by throwing three persons clothed in them from a pier. They floated as easily as if incased in cork jackets. It is said they remained in the water over an hour without discomfort. The possibilities of fireproof apparel are next in order.

An extraordinary scene occurred recently in a California theatre while a "Rip Van Winkle" performance was in progress. The man whose duty it was to manufacture the thunder was up in a loft with a big piece of sheet iron, which he was agitating vigorously. In his enthusiasm he lost his balance, and, falling off the narrow platform on which he stood, he was precipitated through the ceiling of the auditorium, sheet iron and all, into the arms of the panic-stricken spectators beneath, a wagon load of lath and plaster following him down. All who were not compelled to go to the hospital agreed in pronouncing it the most vivid representation of thunder and lightning that they had ever witnessed on any stage.

Evidently the life philosophic tends to longevity. There are, at present, at the various German universities, no fewer than 157 professors between the ages of seventy and ninety. Of these, 123 deliver their lectures as usual, seven of them being more than eighty-five years of age. The oldest is the veteran Von Hanke, the historian, who is now in his ninetieth year, but is not considered fully equal in vigor, memory and other faculties to Professor Elenich, who is thirty-nine days his junior. After all, it is not remarkable that a professor should live to a good old age. He has a secured income and congenial pursuits. He ought to be devoid of the unworthy passions that shorten existence, and to lead a life as placid as that of the gods of Epicurus. But Germany, in spite of the figures we have quoted, cannot show a professor equal to M. Chevreul, of Paris, who still lectures, still writes, still conducts experiments in chemistry, still walks every day from his house to his laboratory, and will, if he lives, be 100 years of age in the August of next year.

The little country of Belgium has 480 persons to the square mile, or three to every four acres. That is, four acres are made to support three persons. If the United States were equally crowded the population would be 1,650,000,000, or more than the population of the whole world. One acre perfectly well cultivated can easily support one person. It is possible to produce sixty bushels of wheat on one acre, and this is equivalent to the whole support of at least two persons. It is simply a matter of calculation and management. Belgium shows what can be done. And it is well done, for we do not hear of distress in that busy country, nor of paupers, nor of a rush of dissatisfied Belgians crowding away to better their condition. It shows that high farming and excellent cultivation of the soil are profitable, and may be taken as one of the facts that proved this to be a settled principle of agricultural economy.

Doctor Sutor, of London, celebrated for his knowledge of nervous diseases, said to a *Herald* correspondent, while talking of the treatment of hydrophobia: "I have never known a case cured where symptoms of hydrophobia had appeared, however slight or intermittent. I am inclined to believe that M. Pasteur is right and hope England and America will send doctors to study his method. The reported death of a little girl after inoculation under him proves nothing adverse to M. Pasteur, if thirty-six days had elapsed before his treatment began. People can't do better than try M. Pasteur. His inoculation is harmless and it may do good. Cautioning will best prevent hydrophobia, but it must be thorough, so that the part bitten may be absolutely destroyed. This is best done, I have found, with fuming nitric acid. A hot iron might only destroy the surface. Nitrate of silver, in my opinion, is utterly useless.

Commenting upon the vast fortune left by the late W. H. Vanderbilt, the *Chicago Herald* says: "Two hundred millions! What are they? Who can compute their power for good or evil? Who can imagine them in a single pile or grasp the responsibilities involved in their possession? Two hundred millions are one-tenth of the national debt at its greatest figure. They are more by \$20,000 than the entire customs revenues of the United States, and they are considerably in excess of one-half of the entire revenue of the republic from all sources. They would support the United States army of 25,000 men for five years, pay the 250,000 pensioners for three years, run the naval establishment for ten years, build a double track from New York to San Francisco, and give every man, woman and child in the United States \$4. Five per cent interest on them would yield an income of \$10,000,000 per annum, enough to support every charitable institution in America not of a public nature, to build asylums and hospitals for the world in fifty years, to educate, feed and clothe the deserving poor forever, and to make such a thing as a slum unknown in any city of the republic. The man who controls a fortune like that is not to be envied unless he does some good with it."

Pasteur's method of preventing hydrophobia is by inoculation, not by vaccination. The former process produces the genuine malady in a mild and innocuous form; the latter employs one malady to antagonize and baffle a more serious one. Thus cow-pox is employed to ward off small-pox. In a recent chat with a correspondent M. Pasteur described his experiments and their results as follows: "I began my experiments in 1883 in this way: I took a portion of the spinal cord of a dog which had died of hydrophobia and with that I inoculated a rabbit in the first membrane of the brain. It went mad in fifteen days. Then with a portion of the spinal cord of this rabbit I inoculated another rabbit in the same way, and it went mad in thirteen days, and so on. I continued inoculations from rabbit to rabbit, finding the strength of the virus increase each time until the nineteenth time produced hydrophobia in only seven days. I then took very small portions of the spinal cord of this nineteenth rabbit, and which contained the greatest virulence yet obtained, and I suspended these bits of virus in empty bottles, in which the air was kept very dry by means of potash on the bottom of the bottle. After several days' exposure in a dry, cold temperature the virus loses all its strength. The time required for this loss depends on the size of the piece and the dryness and coldness of the air. Then of this virus which has lost its strength I take a small portion dissolved in sterile bouillon, and with a Pravaz syringe I inoculate the animal. Each day I inoculate it again with virus, just a little stronger each time until at last the system has become so accustomed to the poison, that I can use the virus which had not been dried at all and which would produce hydrophobia in seven days if the system had not been so treated to it by degrees. I have treated one hundred dogs in this way, and not one has become mad."

Epaphrus Hinsdale was the first manufacturer of jewelry in the United States. He commenced business at Newark, N. J., about 1798.

**SPINNING.**  
Just as the spinner turns the wheel  
And with her song winds her thread,  
So as I turned the wheel of thought  
Its every round new pleasure brought,  
Until "there is," I said,  
"No joy that can compare with mine—  
In all the world no heart so blest!"  
And so the whole day long I spun,  
And fast, so fast the thread wound on  
Hope's shuttle in my breast.  
But while I in the sunlight turned  
The busy wheel and sang my song,  
And while my shuttle was so full,  
And all the thread so beautiful,  
My spinning all went wrong.  
The thread it broke and slipped my hold,  
Till I could not discern  
Where and which was the end I sought;  
It tangled, and the wheel of thought  
For me refused to turn  
In the old-time exultant way;  
My hand its cunning all had lost;  
It could no longer deftly spin,  
Because the thread of hope had in  
The thread of sorrow crossed.  
—Helen A. Manville.

**DUSTERS.**  
"Dusters" have gone out of fashion, my dear, look into any Pullman palace car and you will see that for yourself. I took one this summer, but found it not the thing at all; first-class travelers now are in stylish suits, and I'm sure they look much better. A few years ago the women in any waiting-room were like a brigade ready to be ordered off on duty, all in uniform—the regulation gray duster, with only a blue or brown veil to distinguish one from another.  
I am not surprised that dainty aristocrats have discarded the homely but conventional garment, for all must admit that dusters were eminently democratic; that they were great levers, that they were no respecters of persons. They covered the shabby alpaca quite as successfully as the glossy silk; I do not doubt in the least their democratic proclivities banished them from good society.  
But I have a dear old duster laid away; you will laugh, I am sure, to hear that I entertain for it the most romantic attachment. Ah! you can't think what a trick it served me—dear old thing!  
I first came South this very month three years ago, to teach, you know, though I do not think now I was well qualified for the work—only an untutored girl myself.  
This was the first time I had ever strayed far from home; the trip was a long one; I grew very tired, and as the engine steamed into the city a terrible feeling of homesickness took possession of me.  
I expected Professor Raynor, the principal, to meet me; and when the train stopped, took my little satchel and stender waiting, while all the other passengers hurried off. I began to feel faint and dizzy with the fear that he might not come, but followed along after the others, my heart in my throat, my eyes gazing forward eagerly and scanning every face in sight.  
Suddenly I saw a gentleman making his way anxiously toward me, smiling and expectant; this was surely Mr. Raynor, but how young he was for the principal of a school, and how handsome. It was evidently he, for his hand was extended before we quite met, and in a second more he had clasped mine warmly, and—adventurously kissed me! Yes, kissed me! fair and square on the lips.  
Did I scream? No, not exactly, but I shivered, and was cold to my finger-tips, then flushed until the angry blood burnt into my cheeks, before he exclaimed:  
"Why, little Christine, how you have grown! Can it really be my little Christine!"—a sudden fear flashing into his face.  
I tried to speak, I gasped, turned cold again and almost fell, but managed to say:  
"I am Miss Stretton. I am to teach at Jackson academy, and expected Mr. Raynor to meet me. You are not here?"  
Of course it was very foolish. I knew it at the time, but knowing it did not help matters. Great tears welled up to my eyes as I gazed into his, and a compassionate look came into his pale, handsome face.  
"A thousand pardons, Miss Stretton. I came to meet some one," he continued. "No, I am not Mr. Raynor; but allow me to accompany you to the waiting-room. Probably he is on the platform."  
I made no reply, but went with him, and just as he turned to help me down the steps of the coach, a tall, portly gentleman, with suave, self-conscious manner, came forward somewhat slowly, saying:  
"Ah, Miss Stretton! I am Professor Raynor, I began to fear you were not on the train."  
I could not tell you exactly why, but a strange shyness came over me; I did not even look toward the gentleman who had given me such an affectionate welcome, only mumbled something to Mr. Raynor, and followed him quickly to the omnibus.  
That night, after shutting and bolting the door of my room, looking around upon its bare and cheerless walls and trying to think the place homelike and pleasant, I threw myself, in a fit of hysterical sobbing, upon the narrow bed, and between smiling and weeping, managed to spend an hour. What foolish creatures girls are!  
"Why did I cry?" Because, to be sure, I was homesick, and—because a strange man had kissed me, and—perhaps a few tears were shed because he was a stranger. I wished in my heart of hearts that he had not been; that he was some dear brother, cousin or friend, who had come to greet me so warmly.  
What was his name? Who was the "little Christine?" And would I ever meet him again?  
These were the thoughts that occupied the hour, but at last I fell asleep. "My eyes always did make pictures when they were shut," great pity I never could put the pictures on canvas. My dreams that night would have been a fortune, either painted or written. Oh, such glorious sights and scenes—and always that stranger somewhere near.

Well, a week passed, and I am ashamed to say how frequently I thought of him; of course, as I told myself then, it was due to loneliness, to my entire

isolation, and to the fact that it was my first prolonged absence from home.  
One afternoon, a chilly, drizzling autumn day, a servant came to my room with a card. "A gentleman to see you, Miss Stretton."  
I took the card wondering, thinking, "Perhaps it is the minister." Then I gave a hasty look into the mirror, smoothed back the curling bangs, gave a touch of powder to my forehead and a pinch to my cheeks—I was beginning to look a little pale—and went immediately to the parlor.  
The light was rather dim, and I walked the length of the room before discovering my guest. He was looking from the window, and evidently did not hear my steps, but turned suddenly.  
Honestly, I will be ashamed as long as I live of what I almost did. It reminds me of the little boy who said, "Pins have saved lots of lives by not being swallowed." I think a kiss saved mine that time by not being given. I was so astonished, and, to tell the truth, so glad, that I very nearly returned his first enthusiastic salutation; and if I had—well, there is no telling what I would have done; jumped into the river, I suppose. I always was a thoughtless, impulsive creature.

We shook hands, though, and then laughed, both of us, before he asked pardon for calling, saying he had purposed doing so each day, since our first meeting, but feared I would consider it presumptuous. At last he had decided that he must offer an apology and an explanation for conduct which doubtless appeared scarcely that of a sane man.  
"I was expecting my sister," he said; "my sister whom I have not seen for ten years."  
Would you believe it—I promised to tell you all the truth, or you should not hear this—my heart almost flew out from my lips when he said that! So "Christine" was his sister, only his sister. I had not told myself before what manner of bird, beast, or fowl she was; now I felt an unacknowledged satisfaction in discovering.  
"The mistake was due entirely to the duster," he continued; "she distinctly wrote that her costume would consist of a gray duster and blue veil, but since I have thought of it, it seems to me all the ladies wore dusters. What masking stuff is here! I will tell her to be more explicit next time; I might make another blunder, and it might be a worse one."

I scarcely knew what this meant, but it sounded pleasantly in my ears anyway.  
He left, after awhile, asking to be allowed to call "now and then," and I flew back upstairs, and went up to the looking-glass, thinking, "I wish I had worn my blue cashmere to-day, instead of this sombre brown." What giddy creatures girls are, to be sure!  
Well, he did call now and then, and I must admit he was always welcome.  
One day, just about the beginning of the Christmas holidays, we had an engagement for a walk, and after returning (the evening was dark and cool) he came in, only for a moment, he said. The room was warm, with a red fire slumbering under a great bank of black coal. I opened it a little and leaned forward, holding my fingers to the blaze. Directly, something influenced me to look up. He had remained standing, and was very near me, gazing down upon my face with such an intense, searching look, that involuntarily I clasped my hands before my face. I cannot say why, exactly. I fear it was to conceal what he might see there, but I shrank from his glance, intuitively.  
"Don't," he said, very gently, and stooping over me, drew my hands away and held them in his own.  
I have always contended that there was an unfair advantage, for I never could conceal my feelings. He held my hands in a tight clasp, and I turned away, but directly he drew me nearer and lifted up my face until he could look straight down into my eyes.  
Then a quick indignation, a sudden anger, took possession of me, and I wrenched myself away, and asked, proudly, "How dare you! by what right?"  
"Because I dare to love you!" he interrupted; "dare to love you with all the intensity of my whole being!"  
Then those foolish tears of mine came again, and he threw his arms about me, and gazed down into my eyes, exclaiming: "Now you look as in the first moment I loved you!"  
Then he kissed my lips for the second time, and we were betrothed.

It was a queer courtship altogether—one in which the climax, the acme, was reached in the very first moment. For I believe I loved him then as truly as I have ever loved him since. "In the dark hour fortunes meet us," that home-leaving would have been quite different if I had guessed toward what I was journeying.  
And you see, the duster was really responsible for the whole thing. Upon what thread our destinies do hang!  
So it will make no difference how entirely dusters may be tabooed by aristocrats, I will be a democrat to the extent of feeling a great weakness for mine, at least. I almost feel like wearing it to the altar next week, instead of the regulation white satin and lace. An odd-looking bride I would make, to be sure; but I'm happy—oh, so happy! He's just the dearest fellow in the world!

Now, I've kept my promise, and told you the whole story. —Annah R. Watson.  
**Patrolling Russian Railroads.**  
The track from Charkov to Nikolajev, in Russia, is patrolled before each train by a watchman of each section; who carries forward a number found by him at the beginning of his section and left on a hook provided for at the end, even numbers being carried in one direction and odd numbers in the other. The numbers, which are painted on metal plates, are hung in view of the trains, so that officials passing can readily see them, and by means of a small table of the positions of the number on any day or hour can see whether the watchmen are doing their work. A hook without a number indicates the negligence of a watchman, who can be readily identified, since every watchman is required to give notice when he does not find a number at the beginning of his section, and must do so to avoid having the carelessness ascribed to him.

There are 150,000,000 tons of coal waste piled up in the anthracite regions.

**FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.**  
**How to Keep Apples.**  
Some orchardists may be benefited by learning that apples may be kept as follows: Fill, nearly to the top, barrels with apples, and pour in fine, dry sand, and shake down gently till all the crevices are filled with sand. It is claimed that apples cared for in this way will keep indefinitely. We have seen apples kept nicely which were pitted in dry, sandy, or gravelly soil, as potatoes and turnips are kept. To pit apples, select some dry spot where there is no danger of water filling the pit, excavate two or three feet in depth, and any size in circumference you may wish; place dry, clean straw in the bottom, and also cover the apples with straw, then a layer of dry earth deep enough to escape freezing. Apples kept in this way will come out nice and crisp in the spring.

**Farmers' Accounts.**  
Farmers, as a general thing, are poor book-keepers. Their accounts appear to be, as a general thing, of the most primitive kind, or none at all.  
So careless are they often about making a straightforward and clear record of business transactions, that one would infer their feeling amounted almost to repugnance to such a task. This shows a lack of method as well as of business training and habit. The want of method explains the lack of success on the part of many farmers, for without method, no business in the world can be successful.

When the farmer sells his wheat to the miller, in eight cases out of ten, he has but a very indefinite idea what it has cost him a bushel to grow it. But the miller must know what it costs him, and that clear through all the processes, until it is packed away in flour barrels and sold. Why is this? Is it more necessary for the miller to reason and calculate, to be successful, than it is for the farmer? Not at all. Only the miller is the better business man, and manages his affairs in a more business-like way. Many farmers are so careless in, entirely destitute of accounts, as to place them at a great disadvantage when dealing with men of other occupations, and not unfrequently to make them the victims of designing sharpers. When the farmer settles with the doctor and the lawyer for their services, he pays them what they ask. When he goes to town to buy he asks, "What will you take?" When he goes there to sell it is "what will you give?"

Somebody else always sets the price both ways. This will always be the way until American farmers take agricultural papers, study market reports, calculate their losses and gains, and become more business-like in their methods. Let all farmers begin now to balance their accounts of the season, and see where they stand financially at the close of the year. And let those not in the habit of doing so begin the new year and maintain to its close a system of accounts elaborate enough to at least give a clear and correct statement of all transactions during the coming year. For rest assured that in nine cases out of ten good book-keeping and good management go hand in hand. —*American Agriculturist.*

**Farm and Garden Notes.**  
The new remedy of using ice-water for killing the cabbage worm is easily tried, by placing blocks of ice in a watering-pot of water, and showering the plants early in the summer.  
Major Brooks says "farmers' wives and daughters hunt raspberries along fence corners, and become scratched and fatigued. Planted in gardens, they are more easily obtained in abundance."  
Squashes should be kept in a warm, dry place, and should not freeze. It is not best to keep vegetables too warm, but care should be exercised to prevent the freezing of those that are easily affected by cold.

A writer in the *Indiana Farmer* thinks that he kept his hen-house free of lice by having two sets of perches, which he changes, exposing to the weather the set not in use. How much easier to kerosene the perches occasionally!  
To prevent the spread of chicken cholera Dr. Salmon recommends a mixture of two ounces of sulphuric acid to two gallons of water. This will destroy every germ of cholera that it touches in a few minutes, being one of the best disinfectants known.

The *New England Farmer* says that farmers there have settled down to the conviction that the silo is a valuable auxiliary to the stock farmer, enabling him to become a little more independent than formerly of unfavorable weather for curing and preserving the crops grown. The Massachusetts farmer who cultivates forty-five acres has fodder enough on hand to winter fifty head of cattle, and will sell his best hay at \$20 a ton.

The care of milk is not understood as well as it should be by many farmers' families. Milk cannot be exposed to deleterious influences, such as the bad odors of the stable, moldy and impure milk room, and many other things which could be mentioned, without being contaminated. The milk room must be properly cooled, and its temperature kept regular, either by natural or artificial means. In fact the milk is as a rule handled too carelessly for making the highest quality of butter.

**Feed for Milk Cows in Winter.**  
The first requisite for a large yield of milk in winter is a warm stable and plenty of dry bedding. It has been proved by repeated experiments that warming the water given cows to drink causes a perceptible increase in the quantity of milk. It is better, if possible, to have a variety of fodder than to confine them to an exclusive diet, even of the best clover hay, which, when cut at the right season and properly cured, is undoubtedly as good a steady diet as can be found, excepting, perhaps, well cured rowen. An occasional feed of bright, well-cured corn fodder is also excellent for a change, and a ration of oat or barley straw once or twice a week will probably be relished and sharpen the appetite for hay. Oats, cut when in the milk and well cured, are highly relished, and produce a good yield of milk. In addition to all the above she will eat clean, if an ordinary-sized cow, give her daily, dividing into two feeds, a peck of mangolds, four pounds of new process

oatmeal, four pounds of corn meal and four pounds of bran. If the cow is a Holstein or an unusually large animal, the ration can be increased, but if she is a small Jersey probably a less quantity will suffice. If mangolds cannot be obtained give sugar beets, or even turnips, in case neither mangolds or beets are convenient, only use care to slice them and feed directly after milking, so as to avoid an unpleasant flavor in the milk and butter, which is sure to occur when turnips are fed a short time before milking. Some feed decocted cotton-seed cake meal instead of oil-meal, but others think the quantity of the butter made from it is not equal to that of corn meal alone. It requires good judgment and experience to properly feed and care for a herd of cattle or horses so as to keep them in thrifty condition and avoid waste of fodder. One of the chief requisites for success in this direction is regularity in feeding and watering. Another is to learn just the amount each animal can digest and assimilate. It is better to keep them a little short, so that their appetites may be keen, than to overfeed so as to cloy them. No more should be given at once than will be immediately eaten up, clean. When the hay is of good quality three feedings a day probably answers as well as more, but when coarse, unpalatable fodder is given, better results can generally be obtained by feeding neat stock five times daily. It is much better to alternate a feed of poorer quality with the good every day than to confine animals exclusively to a diet of poor hay for any length of time. Most farmers understand that it is not good economy to feed all their poorest fodder when stock first comes to the barn, as when this is done the change from green to dry fodder is so great as to check growth in young animals and cause a loss of flesh in older ones. —*American Cultivator.*

**Choice Delicacies for Invalids.**  
**SAGO PUDDING.**—Add one cup of sago to three pints of warm water, sweeten with one cup of sugar; cook slowly, and, when done, flavor with vanilla, and turn into cups or molds. Serve cold, with cream.  
**SNOWBALL CUSTARD.**—Add the whites of three eggs, well beaten, to one pint of boiling milk, dipping them into the milk in tablespoonfuls. As they rise turn them, and, when done, put them into a pudding dish; then put the beaten yolks, sweetened to taste, into the milk, stir until it thickens, remove from the fire, and flavor with lemon. Turn this custard into a glass dish, and lay the whites on the top. It is delicious.

**APPLE SNOW.**—Peel, core, and quarter or slice some tart, juicy apples, and stew them in a little water until soft. Sweeten to taste, and turn them into a deep glass dish. Make a soft custard, with one quart of milk and six eggs; reserving the whites of these; sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon extract. When this cold pour it over the apple, whip up the white of the eggs to a stiff froth; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and heap lightly on the top of the custard.

**DROPPED EGGS ON TOAST.**—Have ready a dish of hot water, well salted; break the eggs into a saucer, and slide into the water, one at a time. Dip the hot water with a spoon over the top of the egg. When done, take it up with a skimmer, and lay on buttered toast, dust a little salt and pepper over it, and butter as desired. Soft boiled eggs for invalids should be put in a dish of boiling water, and set on the back part of the stove, where the water will only simmer. They will cook evenly and be soft and jelly like.

**BEEF JELLY.**—Cut a pound of beef in small pieces, and put into a porcelain kettle with a pint of cold water; let it stand half an hour, and then put it over the fire, where it will heat gradually. After it gets boiling hot, skim and put it where it will simmer slowly for half an hour. While it is cooking, put a third of a box of gelatine into a bowl with two tablespoonfuls of cold water and let it dissolve. Salt the broth to taste, and strain it while boiling hot over the dissolved gelatine; stir until clear; then strain into cups or molds, and put away to cool; keep on ice. Mutton or chicken broth may be prepared in this way. Do not be afraid you have used too little gelatine, for it seldom hardens in less than six or eight hours, and even longer. This is very nice and nutritious for an invalid.

**A Tree-Climbing Fish.**  
Of all land-frequenting fish, by far the most famous is the so-called climbing-perch of India, which not only walks bodily out of the water, but even climbs trees by means of special spines, near the head and tail, so arranged as to stick into the bark and enable it to wriggle its way up awkwardly, something after the same fashion as the "looping" of caterpillars. The tree-climber is a small, scaly fish, seldom more than seven inches long; but it has developed a special breathing apparatus to enable it to keep up the stock of oxygen on its terrestrial excursions, which may be regarded as to some extent the exact converse of the means employed by divers to supply themselves with air under water. Just above the gills, which form of course its natural hereditary breathing apparatus, the climbing-perch has invented a new and wholly original water-chamber, containing within it a frilled bony organ, which enables it to extract oxygen from the stored-up water during the course of its aerial peregrinations. While on shore it picks up small insects, worms and grubs; but it also has vegetarian tastes of its own, and does not despise fruits and berries. The Indian jugglers tame the climbing-perches and carry them about with them as part of their stock in trade; their ability to live for a long time out of water makes them useful confederates in many small tricks which seem very wonderful to people accustomed to believe that fish die almost at once when taken out of their native element. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

**Choice Delicacies for Invalids.**  
**SAGO PUDDING.**—Add one cup of sago to three pints of warm water, sweeten with one cup of sugar; cook slowly, and, when done, flavor with vanilla, and turn into cups or molds. Serve cold, with cream.  
**SNOWBALL CUSTARD.**—Add the whites of three eggs, well beaten, to one pint of boiling milk, dipping them into the milk in tablespoonfuls. As they rise turn them, and, when done, put them into a pudding dish; then put the beaten yolks, sweetened to taste, into the milk, stir until it thickens, remove from the fire, and flavor with lemon. Turn this custard into a glass dish, and lay the whites on the top. It is delicious.

**APPLE SNOW.**—Peel, core, and quarter or slice some tart, juicy apples, and stew them in a little water until soft. Sweeten to taste, and turn them into a deep glass dish. Make a soft custard, with one quart of milk and six eggs; reserving the whites of these; sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon extract. When this cold pour it over the apple, whip up the white of the eggs to a stiff froth; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and heap lightly on the top of the custard.

**DROPPED EGGS ON TOAST.**—Have ready a dish of hot water, well salted; break the eggs into a saucer, and slide into the water, one at a time. Dip the hot water with a spoon over the top of the egg. When done, take it up with a skimmer, and lay on buttered toast, dust a little salt and pepper over it, and butter as desired. Soft boiled eggs for invalids should be put in a dish of boiling water, and set on the back part of the stove, where the water will only simmer. They will cook evenly and be soft and jelly like.

**BEEF JELLY.**—Cut a pound of beef in small pieces, and put into a porcelain kettle with a pint of cold water; let it stand half an hour, and then put it over the fire, where it will heat gradually. After it gets boiling hot, skim and put it where it will simmer slowly for half an hour. While it is cooking, put a third of a box of gelatine into a bowl with two tablespoonfuls of cold water and let it dissolve. Salt the broth to taste, and strain it while boiling hot over the dissolved gelatine; stir until clear; then strain into cups or molds, and put away to cool; keep on ice. Mutton or chicken broth may be prepared in this way. Do not be afraid you have used too little gelatine, for it seldom hardens in less than six or eight hours, and even longer. This is very nice and nutritious for an invalid.

**A Tree-Climbing Fish.**  
Of all land-frequenting fish, by far the most famous is the so-called climbing-perch of India, which not only walks bodily out of the water, but even climbs trees by means of special spines, near the head and tail, so arranged as to stick into the bark and enable it to wriggle its way up awkwardly, something after the same fashion as the "looping" of caterpillars. The tree-climber is a small, scaly fish, seldom more than seven inches long; but it has developed a special breathing apparatus to enable it to keep up the stock of oxygen on its terrestrial excursions, which may be regarded as to some extent the exact converse of the means employed by divers to supply themselves with air under water. Just above the gills, which form of course its natural hereditary breathing apparatus, the climbing-perch has invented a new and wholly original water-chamber, containing within it a frilled bony organ, which enables it to extract oxygen from the stored-up water during the course of its aerial peregrinations. While on shore it picks up small insects, worms and grubs; but it also has vegetarian tastes of its own, and does not despise fruits and berries. The Indian jugglers tame the climbing-perches and carry them about with them as part of their stock in trade; their ability to live for a long time out of water makes them useful confederates in many small tricks which seem very wonderful to people accustomed to believe that fish die almost at once when taken out of their native element. —*Popular Science Monthly.*



## A NIGHT IN A CITY JAIL.

WHAT A NEW YORK REPORTER SAW IN A STATION HOUSE.

Bad Scenes of Drunkenness Among Young Women and Old—The Drunkard and Her Grandchild.

A frosty night and a bitter wind. The stars looked white and cold. Away down the Bowery I could see the great Saturday night multitude sweeping along the sidewalks. Everybody predicted a thick snowstorm before morning. As I turned into Fourth street the wind whistled shrilly through the telegraph wires overhead and rattled all the windows in the neighborhood. Something lay across the gray sidewalk—something that needed a wall to shut out the eyes of the big city. It was a young girl with long soft brown hair tangled about her shoulders.

Her face was fair and she was shapely. At first it seemed as if she was sleeping, but a closer examination showed that she was attempting to hold herself up on her elbows. It was hard to imagine a more stupid or pitiful expression than that which rested upon her features as she blinked in a vague and aimless manner at a small flask lying on the pavement at her feet. Just as I was about to assist the girl to her feet a quick heavy step caused me to look around, and at my elbow was a policeman.

"You needn't disturb yourself, sir," he said, "she is drunk. It's a great pity that so young a girl has come to such shame already."

The policeman shook the girl roughly and then raised her to her feet. The soft brown hair was blown across her face and she pushed it back. Then she began to cry. The policeman threw the flask into the middle of the street, where it fell with a crash and was disintegrated into a thousand fragments.

"That's the curse of the world," he said. "I've seen more crime and suffering from the bottle than any other twenty causes. Just look at that girl and see what a mere animal she has become under the influence of rum."

The girl laughed in an idiotic way as she staggered in the grasp of the blue-coated philosopher.

"Lemme go," she stammered. "S'none 'f your business."

Inside of five minutes we were in the station house, where another policeman was telling the sergeant how he had dragged a drunken man four blocks in order to keep him out of the way of wagons. The prisoner he referred to mumbled out a few words of defiance and was whisked through a back door in a jiffy.

The drunken girl was arraigned before the sergeant. Then she told in thick tones that she had never been arrested before, and that if the good gentleman would only let her go she would never get drunk again. It was no use. The sergeant shook his head.

"If I let you go now," he said, "you might far worse even than you have. As you are young and respectable-looking I'll give you a bed to sleep in to-night. You are like a thousand others I have seen though. I fear. You've learned to take strong drink at home, and that's an incurable disease."

The sergeant took me to the lodging-room when he saw that I was interested in his conversation. "There you see what drink will bring women to," he said. "Every one of these poor, ragged, homeless creatures you see lying on these boards owes her troubles and her poverty to tipping." On a long, low platform of pine boards lay eight or ten women. They were dirty, slatternly and miserable. One slovenly hag sat up with her yellow, skinny arms clasped about her knees. She was breathing heavily, as if asleep, and yet her eyes were open.

Another lay on her side with her arm drawn across her face, and still another was huddled up in a heap and was groaning. The air of the room was thick and offensive. I was surprised to detect tobacco smoke in the place until the sergeant roared out angrily:

"Here, now, no smoking. I'll lock you up if you ain't careful."

A withered old woman pulled a blackened clay pipe from beneath her shawl and knocked the glowing contents of the bowl out against the palm of her hand. Then she lay down with a growling sound in her throat.

"The chances are that every second woman you see here has a husband and children alive," said the sergeant, "but drink has broken up their homes. If there was no strong drink to be got in this city for the next year the authorities could dismiss one-half the police force at once. Women will sit down with a whisky bottle to drown some terrible trouble, little dreaming of the terrible fate they are inviting. You saw that young girl arrested in the street just now. Well, look at this woman."

Out of a dark cell came two wrinkled arms and claw-like hands, and a magical visage, with disheveled gray hair tumbled about it, was pressed against the iron-grated door.

"I remember her thirty years ago," he said. She was then a young woman of twenty-five years, good-looking, well shaped, neatly dressed and modest. A young lawyer was engaged to be married to her. Then she began to drink red wine at home. I don't know who taught her the habit, but it soon grew upon her until she was a full-fledged whisky drinker. The young lawyer broke off his engagement and she married a carpenter. Just before her first child was born her husband died. One day I found her lying in the gutter dead drunk. I arrested her and a little girl was born in prison. Ever since that she has been a confirmed drunkard. Her little grandchild generally comes after her when she is locked up."

When we reached the office of the station again there was a pale, shy little girl, who shivered at the shining red stove.

The child proved to be the grandchild of the drunkard in the cell. She begged piteously to be allowed to see the prisoner, and cried when her request was refused. She was an ill-clad, undersized girl, with ragged shawl and broken shoes. She gnawed her thumb and rubbed her feet together nervously.

"If you please, sir," she whispered, "my grandma has the key to the room and I have no place to sleep now."

The sergeant ordered the doorman to get the key from the prisoner, and when it was produced, the child crept away to her empty, dark home. Later on I saw the girl who was arrested in Fourth

street sitting on the side of a bed in the cell which had been fitted up for the accommodation of such a case. She sat with her hands in her lap and her face bent moodily toward the floor. When I asked her how she came to be in such a plight she told me that her mother taught her to drink, but always warned her to drink in moderation. She used to take beer with her meals at first. Then she tried a little whisky, and found that its effects were more exhilarating. From that time on she had always kept a flask of whisky under her pillow. She had been drunk a score of times in the house, but had never yet been drunk in the public streets until that night.

"I've heard that same story a hundred times over," said the sergeant. "It's a mistake to say that most girls are taught to drink in beer gardens. The great majority of those who drink intoxicants begin the habit at home, under the eyes of their parents. That girl has probably got some wretched old father who thinks of nothing but whisky himself from morning till night. When he hears of his daughter's arrest the chances are that he will go sniveling up to the court in the morning wringing his hands and swearing by all the gods in heaven that he always told his child to do what was right. He will wonder how it was possible that his girl could ever get drunk, instead of wondering how she could ever watch the example he set to her and yet keep sober."—*New York World.*

### Advice to Stoop-Shouldered People.

A stooping figure is not only a familiar expression of weakness or old age, but it is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and defective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school you will probably go bent to your grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder-braces will not help. One needs, not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one bull's-eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin or other strong bag filled with twenty to thirty pounds of sand is good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before or after breakfast, put this bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The bones of the spine and the intervertebral substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage, without interfering a moment with your studies.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### The Nose.

Many great men have large noses, as for example Washington, Cromwell, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Cicero, Caesar, John Bull, Brother Jonathan and Mr. Punch! The popular fancy, as well as a so-called science, still associates certain types with mental traits. Thus a convex nose is held to be indicative of courage, and a concave nose of cowardice. Flexibility of the nose is put down as a mark of docility, while inflexibility warns one to expect stubbornness. This assertion certainly proves itself when applied to the elephant and the rhinoceros!

The nose serves various important offices in connection with the different emotions. To rub it violently suggests the person's perplexity or annoyance. To lay the finger on it signifies contemplation and intense self-questioning. To blow it very hard, while listening to affecting passages in books, or hearing a recital of wrong or distress, indicates emotion and sympathy, because every one knows that the handkerchiefs employed upon the nose will also be furiously used to wipe away the unmanly tear.

The nose is one of the most dignified organs we possess; to pull or twerk it is always considered a grave insult, second only to the insult accounted so deadly by eastern nations; that of pulling the beard.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Politeness Pays.

"Won't you leave your coat down here before you go up to dinner? Let me take it," suavely besought the clerk of a country hotel of a visitor who had just come in. "I will hang it up," he continued politely. The guest thanked him for his profuse display of courtesy, and went upstairs highly pleased with the trouble that had been taken over him.

"We always do that," said the clerk winking at a bystander. "I have only been in the hotel business two months, but that was the first trick I learned. I wanted that man's coat as security for the payment of his dinner bill. It is the rule in many country hotels to get the unknown transient to deposit his coat, hat or gum boots in the office. If it is done properly, the visitor thinks it is nothing but native politeness."—*Philadelphia Press.*

### Ough!

I.

The plough boy whistled behind the plough. For his lungs were sound and he had no cough. He couched his team with a pliant hough, And watered it well at a wayside trough.

### II.

The toil was hard, for the land was rough— It lay on the shores of an Irish lough— But his well-fed team was stout and tough, And he plied his bough to flank and hough.

### III.

He toiled all day and the crew and hough Flew around his head though he off-cried through. But his plough at eve struck a hidden sough With a force that sent the share clear through.

### IV.

The frightened team ran off with the plough, With the speed of the wind from the plough boy, though He shouted, "Wheal! And into a lough It plunged where the mud was soft as dough.

### V.

The plough boy went for the wreck was thorough— He fled that night from the farm to the borough.

—*Boston Courier.*

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

The petrified skeleton of a whale over thirty feet long has been discovered by an officer of the coast survey on a range of mountains in Monterey county, Cal., over 3,300 feet above sea level.

There seems to have been a prejudice from time immemorial against sunshine in March, and according to a German saying, it were better to be bitten by a snake than to feel the sun in March.

In Whitney's creek, Inyo county, Cal., are found the celebrated golden trout. They average twelve inches in length, and are of slenderer make than common brook trout. Down each side are two bright golden bands, each a little more than an inch wide.

The Indians of Mexico illumine their path by night with a phosphorescent insect which is far more brilliant than our fire-fly. They feed their lights on sugar-cane instead of from the kerosene oil can, and increase their brilliancy by dipping them in water. These insects are said to afford light enough to read by.

The state coaches of the lord mayor of London and of Queen Victoria are nearly coeval. The latter dates from 1762, the third year of George III. It was about 1712 that the lord mayor first used a state coach, on November 9. The first coach lasted till 1757, when the one now in use was built by subscription and presented to him. It is very similar to the queen's.

"The Tineida epigraph," writes Alphonse Karr, "is the smallest of all mottoes, being two lines wide when its wings are outspread; but how magnificently it is attired! It is robed in gold and silver, and on the silvery gauze of its upper wings is traced, in letters of gold, an inscription which no one has yet succeeded in deciphering, though fancy I can read it thus: *Maximus in minimis Deus* (God is greatest in His smallest works)."

In ancient times cobblers made shoes out of hides, flax, silk, cloth, wood, iron, silver and gold; and in great variety of shapes, plain and ornamental. In the eleventh century the upper part of the shoe was made of leather, and the sole of wood. The Saxons wore shoes with thongs. In the year 1090, in the reign of William Rufus, the great dandy Robert was called "the Horned," because he wore shoes with long points, stuffed, turned up, and twisted like horns. The clergy waged war upon this fashion until it was discontinued.

The superstitions about numbers have a quaint interest. Ten is the lucky number of the East. Solomon the Magnificent was called the "perfecter of the perfect number," because he was the tenth sultan, and he lived in the tenth century after the prophet. He captured Belgrade in 1521, Rhodes in 1522, defeated the Hungarians at Mohacs in 1526, and captured Buda in 1529. Under his reign the Turkish empire reached its greatest expansion and its highest pitch of prosperity. The most popular number among Aryan nations is seven. Singularly enough it is also the lucky number of the Japanese. The most important day of the calendar of old Japan is the seventh day of the seventh month (July). It is the day for the children's merry-making, like our Christmas. The Japanese have also seven patrons of happiness—long life, riches, daily food, contentment, talents, glory and love.

### Five Millions in a Bag.

John I. Blair, of Blairtown N. J., is a man of very large wealth and of very original methods. Many years ago, it is told of him, he was a partner of John B. Alley, another millionaire. They disagreed and separated. Some time afterward Alley sued him for something like two and a half millions. When the trial day came Mr. Blair was not ready for some reason and he wanted a postponement. There was a battalion of lawyers in the case and a great deal of quibbling ensued. The court finally decided to grant the motion, but stipulated that a bond of double the amount of the alleged claim should be filed.

"The bond required will be \$5,000,000, understand?" said Mr. Blair, when that point had been reached.

The opposing counsel were quick to assure him that he had not overstated the amount.

"I expected there would be something of the kind necessary," said Mr. Blair quietly, "and so I brought this along." "This" proved to be a black bag, which he had laid down on the floor near his chair when he came into court. He opened it, and stepping up to the bench took from it and spread before the judge \$5,000,000 in government bonds.

"These will answer, I suppose!" he inquired.

After the judge recovered from his amazement he said he believed they would. "But," he continued, "I will make you custodian of them with the distinct understanding that none of them shall be used while it is a part of the bond."

"Your honor need have no fear on that score," Mr. Blair responded, reassuringly. "I only brought in a few this morning for this purpose. These are some that I will have no use for while this matter is pending."

It was some time after the millionaire had left the court room before the witnesses of the scene recovered from the stupor produced by the display of such princely wealth in such a matter-of-fact fashion.—*Chicago News.*

### That Great Chinese City.

There is an air of decay about Peking which extends even to its temples. The number of its population is not accurately known, but according to a Chinese estimate, which is probably in excess, it is 1,300,000, of whom 800,000 reside in the Tartar and 400,000 in the Chinese city. There is no direct foreign trade with Peking, and the small foreign population is made up of the members of the various legations, the maritime customers, the professors at the college and the missionary body. In August, 1884, it was brought in direct communication with the rest of the world by a telegraph overland to Tien-Tsin. The estimated population of China is 405,213,152, or 263 souls per square mile throughout China proper.—*Baltimore American.*

Red lamps in the Scotch cities indicate at night that drop letter boxes are attached to the posts.

## THE SOLDIERS OF BURMAH.

PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE KING THEBAW

Oriental Troops Who Were Plotted Against the British—Queer Problems of Victory

Mr. Minard Cammell describes as follows a review by King Thebaw at Mandalay of some six thousand of the troops constituting the flower of his army:

"All the time the troops were assembling the air was filled with the sound of gongs and bells, most sweet toned, some with a high, clear note, others booming out a deep bass. In front of each regiment was carried by two men a large gong, gilt all over, about three or four feet wide, and they had also ten or twelve small gongs, not more than six or seven inches wide, to each regiment, carried at intervals, along the line. These they kept continually striking, I fancy, with some idea of marking the time. The costumes of the different regiments were very varied. Their coats were very like the British tunic in shape. One regiment was in red, with black trousers, having a yellow stripe, and helmets of red paper mache. They all carried muskets, and if they were no better than some I examined of the palace guard, old rusty muzzle-loaders, they could not be of much use. I understood, however, that they had a good store of sniders. Two flags preceded each regiment, then came some twenty or thirty men with tall pipes, decorated with silk streamers, and then the regulars four deep. Tied to the muzzle of each man's musket were some green leaves, the emblem of victory. The chief officer (colonel) of each regiment rode on an elephant at the rear of his men. He was most gorgeously attired in a green or red velvet coat, covered with gold lace. Behind him came the officers of the regiment, all mounted on ponies, and then twenty or thirty men with bare legs and putzo (the native dress, a long skirt) girded up, each carrying a musket in a red cloth cover. I was told these were the officers' weapons. Two small brass cannon, about three feet long and three inch bore, mounted on wheels and dragged by three or four men, brought up the rear. These men were dressed in red coats, trousers and helmets.

Beside the two cannon accompanying each regiment there was a detachment of about sixty cannon, all dragged by hand and similar in pattern to the above. I should have said that each regiment was accompanied by its own commissariat, consisting of about sixty men, following behind the regulars. Each of these men carried a stick over his shoulder, from the end of which hung a round basket. There were two regiments of marines for arming the war barges; they wore red coats and bright blue trousers; their officers were also mounted on ponies and the colonel on an elephant; but what becomes of these animals when aloft I do not know. The horse marine in Burmah is thus a veritable warrior! There was one detachment of military messengers or runners, about eighty in number, with bare legs and girded putzo. The marching was very poor. Now and then a column would get into step and go prancing along in dancing master style, lifting up their knees with most lofty action. When they arrived before the king in the inner column each man fell on his knees and touched the ground three times with his forehead, shouting some laudatory words in a loud voice. A regiment seemed to be about four to five hundred strong.

There were two regiments of Chinese, only about one hundred strong each, in green, loose stuff jackets of the orthodox Chinese shape, wide pink trousers and peaked bamboo hats. These warriors, I was told, were great favorites of King Thebaw. Following the Chinese came two troops of cavalry mounted on ponies. There were about two hundred of them. The ponies were well shaped, hardy-looking animals, and kept admirable order. A Burmese saddle is covered with embroidered cloth, red, blue or purple, rising very high in front, two long tassels dangle on either side in front of the saddle. The stirrups are very small. The bridle seemed a complicated arrangement of buckles and tassels. Three shields of tin or zinc are fastened on the saddle to protect the knees of the rider. Each man carried a large sword buckled around his waist, and riding with very short stirrups, his knees were tucked up almost level with his pony's back. The organizing and drilling of the Burmese army was in the hands of two Italian officers. They were present in the palace yard and started each regiment on its march before the king.

The rear of the column was brought up by about one hundred and fifty elephants in single file. Some of them were magnificent animals, with immense tusks, but the last twenty or thirty were quite young and very small. Each elephant was guided by a mahout astride on its neck, and the larger animals carried a small cannon mounted in the howdah on its back, in which also rode two men. The army, after passing the king, marched on right round the city walls. I met some of them two hours later outside the city walls. They seemed completely exhausted after the six or seven mile march and came along with very listless gait. There were then about fifteen thousand soldiers in Mandalay, and the Burmese could probably muster an army of thirty thousand men. Many of these, however, I was assured would be useless, being merely an undrilled rabble.—*London Times.*

### The Street Crier Gone.

The ancient colored man who, on the darkest winter mornings, was wont to make his rounds carrying a tray on his head and melodiously singing, is no longer a familiar feature of Philadelphia street life. This was his song, chanted with peculiar gurgle, half warble, as "catchy" as anything a mock Tyrolean ever warbled on the stage:

### De hominy man

Am on b-e-e-s way,

Wid de good hominy!

The oyster peddlers put their extended hand to their mouths, as a sort of a voice deflector, and yell at the tip top of the scale:

Oysters, oh!

Yere do go,

Forty cents a hundred!

—*Texas Siftings.*

Such a rickety structure is the capitol of Nevada that it has to be held up by props.

## BEYOND THE GATE.

Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped, Two blue and wondering eyes the space looked through. This massive gate a boundary had been set, Nor was she ever known to be but true.

Strange were the sights she saw across the way—

A little child had died some days before— And as she watched, amid the silence hushed, Some carried flowers, some a casket bore.

The little watcher at the garden gate Grew fearful, hers such thoughts and wonderings were,

Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child. Weep not."

We all must go. 'Tis God has sent for her.

"If He should send for me"—thus spoke the child—

"I'll have to tell the angel, 'Do not wait. Though God has sent for me, I cannot come. I never go beyond the garden gate.'"

—*Katherine McD. Rice, in Harper.*

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

People we must put up with—Paw-brokers.

A fine art—Presiding over a police court.—*Hatch.*

A detective story—"We've caught the culprit."—*Judge.*

There is only one bill more powerful than the plumber's—the mosquito's.—*Whitehall Times.*

The smart business man like the woodman makes good use of his "a la."—*Germanian Independent.*

The clerk who works for the merchant who will not advertise, knows the tortures of solitary confinement.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The cigar that is called imported is about as appropriately named as the hired girl we call domestic.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"A genuine patriot," said an orator recently, "must at all times be ready to die for his country, even though it should cost him his life!" (Thundering applause.)

"Petroleum has declined twenty-one cents," says an exchange. But before you praise petroleum for its honesty, wait until it is offered one dollar, and see whether it declines that.—*Puck.*

"Beans Regarded as Food," is the heading in an exchange. That is the way beans should be regarded. Any one who would regard beans as a beverage would be away off.—*New York Graphic.*

An ancient old maiden in Cologne, Wished to save her pet poolie a bogue; The condition of her cupboard Equaled that of Mrs. Hubbard, Consequently the poor dog had noggins.—*Falmes Journal.*

"You dear thing," she said gushingly, "how handsome your bonnet does look. I'm sure it looks as well as it did last winter." Only a woman could say things like this and say them so easily.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier.*

Gogglesop—"Very stupid girl, that Miss Wilpin." Hamworth—"How so?" "Why, you see, we were guessing conundrums the other evening, and I asked her what was the difference between myself and a donkey." "Well," "Well! Why, by Jove, she said she didn't know."—*Philadelphia Times.*

SHE SHOULD HAVE DARNED 'EM. The beautiful maiden is shopping to-day, Quite busy, and to her surprise, While through the thronged street she is taking her way,

Her beau in the street she spies. Good gracious! 'tis awful! He's coming, no doubt,

And swift to her heart strikes a pain: The eyes of affection will single her out, He'll see her and speak, that is plain.

She halts, blushes redly, then crosses the street, Avoiding the youth that she loves: The maid it would mortify much should they meet.—*Boston Courier.*

### Mistakes About Hydrophobia.

A New York veterinary surgeon said to a *Sun* representative:

"The most widespread error about hydrophobia is that it is most prevalent in the hot months. A surprising number of people hold it as an article of faith that the 'dog days' are so called because that season is particularly dangerous to dogs. At all events, the belief is almost universal that July and August are the months in which to look out for mad dogs. As a matter of fact, statistics show that there is less hydrophobia in those two months than in any in the year, and that cases of hydrophobia in winter, early in the winter and late in the winter, that is, in November and December and in February and March, are rather more than twice as frequent as they are in July. You have only to read the papers every year to verify this. The numerous reports of cases with which the papers are at this moment filled verify it. A distinguished veterinary surgeon in England kept a record of hydrophobia cases for a series of years, and the result was that he discovered that, in England at least, February was the most dangerous month. A record kept in France during a period of ten years showed an average of twenty cases in January, 21 in March, and 25 in April, while in July there were only 13. From this series of observations the inference was drawn that the disease was much more prevalent in the rainy than in the dry months. This hot weather error, like the error about aversion to water being a symptom of the disease, is also a source of danger. People look up, muzzle, and drown dogs during the months when it is safest to let them run at large, and let them run at large just when they are most liable to the disease and most dangerous.

"But hydrophobia is after all so rare a disease that there is no necessity of half the fuss that is made over it. During the five years from 1866 to 1871 there were in New York city only twenty-two cases, or an average of three and two-thirds per annum among the million and a quarter of people here. This is a greater number of cases than was shown by a long record kept in Paris, where during a series of forty years only ninety-four cases occurred, or an average of two and one-third per year."

At Russian railway stations passengers now find a "grievance book," in which complaints are entered. The record of wrongs reaches the central office once a month, when the complaints are investigated.

## WISE WORDS:

The man who never excites envy never excites admiration.

The appellation of gentleman is never to be affixed to a man's circumstances, but to his behavior in them.

Three are three things in speech that ought to be considered before they are spoken—the manner, the place and the time.

We should not too much rejoice in hope, if we would enjoy in reality, for the most agreeable pleasures in general are those that we have least expected.

Aversion from reproach is not wise; it is the mark of a little mind. A great man can afford to lose; a little insignificant fellow is afraid of being snuffed out.

Here thou art but a stranger traveling to thy country; it is therefore a huge folly to be afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way.

Character is made up of little things, and it is only through constant watchfulness over the details of right and wrong that we can hope to build it into fair or enduring proportions.

An unchanging state of joy is not possible on earth as it now is, because evil and error are here. The soul must have its midnight hour as well as its sunlit seasons of joy and gladness.

Strive, well improving your own talent, to enrich your whole capital as a man. It is in this way that you escape from the wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialties alone.

### A Petite Woman's "Nice Little Lunch."

She was a rather petite and attractive woman, with an air that indicated French descent, fashionably dressed, and the picture of perfect health. It was about 1 o'clock, and the restaurant was fairly well crowded. It was at one of "Jimmy's" tables, opposite the narrator, that she found a vacant chair. Having disposed of her wrap, she removed her gloves and displayed a collection of diamond rings, that, at least, gave evidence of good taste. Turning toward the diminutive Jimmy she chirped sweetly:

"I want a real nice little lunch. Can you give me one?"

Jimmy's only reply was to hand her a bill of fare. She studied it a moment and said:

"First, you may bring me some clam chowder."

She didn't look like a clam chowder woman, but rather resembled one who would toy with a small portion of Julien. Appearances are sometimes deceitful. When the clam chowder came she prepared for business, however, and added, to complete her "nice little lunch":

"You may bring me some rare roast beef, boiled potatoes, and some sliced tomatoes." She had laid aside the bill of fare. The waiter started to give her order. "Oh, waiter," she then added, "you may bring me some chicken pie too, on a side dish you know."

It was strange how that woman seemed to grow while she ate the chowder and to evolve from a sort of French chrysalis into a grub of the English matron order. When the waiter appeared with a loaded tray the chowder had entirely disappeared. Her "nice little lunch" made up a formidable sort of dinner for an average man. To her it was a trifle. She smiled as sweetly as such a woman could, and said:

"I see you have partridge. You may give me half of one broiled, on toast, and a dish of green peas."

Great Scott! That woman had grown absolutely formidable. It was noticeable, too, that she had rings on but three fingers of that flashing left hand. The thumb and that little finger seemed to need some. The beef and chicken pie, and partridge and vegetables disposed of she calmly remarked:

"Now, what can you recommend for a nice dessert?" But before the waiter could reply she said: "Baked apple dumplings; ah! that will do nicely."

The apple dumpling was brought, cut open by the seeker for a "nice little lunch," buttered and sugared, and sent back to the kitchen to be brought back steaming hot, with "a large cup of black coffee." And the woman actually ate the dumpling and drank the coffee, and then complacently remarked:

"That was a very nice lunch. Please give me my bill."

"That 'lunch' had actually seemed to make the petite and spirituelle woman who came into the restaurant developed into a sort of combination of the gigantes Anna Swan and the fat woman Hannah Battersby. As she moved away from the table it didn't seem as if she could ever leave the place by way of the small door by which she had entered. Perhaps it was only imagination about her having grown so rapidly while eating that "nice little lunch." She certainly left the place by the same door at which she had entered it.—*New York Times.*

### Dynamite in a Watch.

Herr Hager, the wealthy German banker, is the most punctual man in the world, and always carries a couple of chronometers about with him. Thanks to this



Arlington Advocate

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.  
Published every Friday afternoon, by  
CHARLES S. PARKER,  
Editor and Proprietor.  
Subscription, \$2.00. Single Copies, 4 CTS.  
Arlington, Jan. 8, 1886.

Advertising Rates.  
Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents  
Special Notices, " 15 "  
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "  
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "  
Marriages and Deaths—free.

The New Legislature.

The holiday season with its distractions and its pleasures is hardly passed before attention is necessarily drawn to the inauguration of the State government for another year and the opening of the annual session of the Legislature. With a single exception (the State Treasurer), the organization is the same as last year and in the several departments under control of these tried public servants there will be little of change, and all will well understand what the policy will be under the wise leadership of our honored Governor, who has a firmer hold on the affection and a stronger place in the confidence of the people than ever before.

With the Legislature it is different. There are more new men than for many years, and in discussing this matter the Advertiser of a recent date says:—

"The character of the session depends largely upon the personnel of the two houses and the volume of legislation introduced. Upon both these heads much can be predicted with reasonable assurance in advance. A very cursory examination of the list of senators elect points to more noisy sessions of the upper branch than in years past. Senator Joyner, who had to bear the burden of the talking for the democrats last year, will be able to re-enforce by John R. Murphy of Boston, Charles S. Lilley of Lowell, Robert Howard of Fall River, A. B. Alger of Cambridge and others of more or less debating power. The Republicans, on the other hand, are much weaker on the floor than last year. With their strongest debater in the chair, they will have to press Senators Danbar and Scott more frequently into service than formerly, if they are to give adequate reasons for the votes of their majority. The democrats, quick to grasp the situation, can probably be depended upon to improve every opportunity for 'badgering' their opponents. In the lower house, the debating strength will be more equally divided, though the Republicans have no such eminent leaders among their number as they had a year ago. Of the re-elected men on that side, Messrs. Wharton, of Boston, Lord, of Plymouth, and Stevens, of Boston, will, however, have plenty of opportunities to prove their qualifications for leadership. On the democratic side Mr. Mellen, of Worcester, can probably be relied upon to furnish as much noise as anybody, but Messrs. Dwyer and Dolan, of Boston, and Reade of Marblehead will be more likely to gain recognition in point of leadership. Of the two independents re-elected, General Stevens, of Boston, and Clement K. Fay, of Brookline, both are sure to make themselves felt. In general, however, real ability is much more certain of a warm welcome than last year."

The wise decision to hold a caucus to name candidates for the various offices in the Legislature simplified matters, and proved a great saving of time as well. President Pillsbury was unanimously chosen to preside over the senate and clerk Gifford was complimented in like manner. J. Q. A. Brackett was again chosen Speaker of the House, and clerk McLaughlin and chaplain Waldron were continued in the offices they have filled with so much honor and credit. There has been a long and somewhat heated contest for the position of Sergeant-at-arms, and the caucus question blinged wholly on this, as the re-election of the leaders of the two houses last year settled the residency and Speakership. When it came to a vote, however, it was altogether too one sided to be dignified with the name of a contest, Capt. J. B. Adams, of Lynn, having an overwhelming majority, and he was formally elected when the members legally gathered, by a vote of 134 out of 225 votes. The talented President of the senate and the equally able Speaker of the House need no introduction to our readers, but there are certain facts in regard to the new Sergeant-at-arms which will doubtless prove of interest. Capt. Adams was born in Groveland, 1841, where he passed his boyhood, early enlisted as a soldier in the ranks of the rebellion, and few survivors of a better record than he. After the war he was employed in one of the shoe establishments of Lynn, and was secured a position in the Custom House, which position he was assigned to become post master of. This post he resigned to become deputy warden of the Concord Penitentiary, which place he held until a few months ago. He not only has a clean war record, but he is a man of great integrity, of clear, sound judgment and a shrewd observer, of practical

experience and marked ability. In all his positions, military and civil, he has won the respect of his superiors and the esteem of his subordinates. He was the first recruit mustered into Post 5 of Lynn, and has always been an earnest Grand Army man. He has been Department Commander one year, has twelve times been a delegate to the National Convention of the order and has been President of the Association of Survivors of Rebel Prisoners for the past seven years. In 1868 he was chosen by the Electoral College of Massachusetts Messenger to carry the electoral vote of the State to the National capital in 1868, on the first election of Grant to the Presidency.

The Unchurched Masses.

Several of the ministerial societies have discussed "The Attitude of the Secular Press to Religion" in various forms, such as the Sunday papers, the character of the newspaper men, etc., and now we find the press itself discussing the question from its standpoint. The latest is by the N. Y. Sun, which says:—

"But what, may be asked in turn, is the attitude of the Congregational Club toward religion? As we understand it, this club meets monthly, and, after having eaten heartily, proceeds to discuss in a desultory way subjects more or less nearly related to morals and theology; but we do not know of any practical results which have come from these debates. We do not hear that genuine Christianity has received any impulse from the talk of the club over their coffee. We do not find that even 'religion as defined and limited by creeds and conventional formulations' of the Congregational denomination makes any progress in New York because of all that monthly after dinner oratory. This great city contains hundreds of thousands of people who never go to church, and yet the average Sunday attendance at the eight Congregational churches of New York is probably not enough to fill more than two thirds of their seats, which, all told, can accommodate only a few thousands. Is there not something wrong, then, about the attitude of the Congregationalists toward religion? Are they doing their duty to the people of the city, and are they really zealous for the salvation of souls? We saw how it was during the late Advent mission of the Episcopal church; their houses of worship were crowded daily, and the business men down town begged Mr. Aiken to continue for a week longer his searching sermons and revival efforts in Trinity Church. That is, when men and women feel sure that they will really have the gospel preached with fervor and sincerity, they are ready enough to go to church. If the Congregationalist ministers, instead of amusing themselves with curious inquiries as to the attitude of editors toward religion, should set to work to examine themselves to see whether they were actually in earnest in their own religion, and were doing all they could to proclaim in the sublime truths of genuine Christianity, their churches might soon be as full of people hungry for spiritual food as the banquet hall of this club is full of well dressed Congregationalists anxious to taste the material delicacies spread before them. When they do that and go to work with something like the enthusiasm and determination of men engaged in an excited political campaign, they will not need to ask what is the attitude of the secular press toward religion. They will rather thank God that they have in the daily newspapers their most efficient allies."

Various reasons have been given for the remarkable strength of the prohibition movement in the south—religious, sentimental, economic. Curiously enough, a late Savannah News gives the chief reason as a purely economic one. That journal says that white employers have found to their cost that the unrestrained sale of liquors demoralizes their colored laborers, and that for this reason they have been driven by necessity, some of them it may be against their individual convictions, to favor prohibition. The News adds that planters are convinced that so long as there is a low dramshop at every cross-roads, and at the corner of every plantation, where the negroes not only spend their wages in drinking and gambling, but trade off cotton stolen from their employers, the laborers themselves are ruined morally and physically, while the employers are robbed of a large percentage of the products of their plantations. Bearing in mind that similar conditions exist on the turpentine farms, in the lumber districts, and in the cities, and, apart from the religious and moral phase and strength of the prohibition movement, it will be found to be strongly intrenched in the material interests of the southern states. In fact, the Savannah Journal says the whites have found that, while the best interests of the south demand the improvement of the negroes, but little can be done for them so long as whiskey is free. So for the sake of self-interest they support prohibition. If the theory of the News be but half-way true there is thus one of the strongest possible agencies in society working for temperance in the southern states.

Gen. Swift is doing good work in his new position as editor of the State. The new year opens with considerable and important changes in its form, now having four columns to the page, and with a new and unique heading, which appears to be engraved on a sheet corner of which is turned back revealing a portion of the State House.

The Calendar for 1886 issued by the Washington Life Insurance Co., of which A. Willard Damon, Esq., is secretary, is handsome in execution and convenient in arrangement. Thanks for a specially mounted copy which has a conspicuous place in our library.

The New York Sun calls attention to the curious fact that Mark Twain's article in the December Century, entitled, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," is, by an odd coincidence, a contemporaneous supplement to chapter eighteen in the first volume, just printed, of General Grant's memoirs. It appears that the only time that General Grant was really scared was when he had to meet the little army in which his future publisher was a private. At Palmyra, Grant, then a colonel, was ordered to move against Col. Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, some twenty-five miles away. In his memoirs General Grant tells how his heart kept getting higher and higher as he approached the enemy, until he felt it in his throat, but when he reached a point where he expected to see them and found they had fled, his heart resumed its place. Mark Twain was one of the "enemy," and that he and his fellow-soldiers were equally frightened appears in his frank confession in the December Century. The difference between the two soldiers was that Mark Twain was thrown into such trepidation that he then and there abandoned forever the profession of arms, whereas General Grant made on that occasion the discovery that the enemy were as much afraid of him as he had been of them. "This," says General Grant, "was a view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety."

The Boston Traveller notices a curious instance of the present Liquor law now being afforded by the "goings on" at the notorious Keenan establishment on Portland street, in that city, which scores of our readers pass daily on their way to their places of business. Keenan has been refused a license, and is supposed to be out of the business. His three saloons, however, still bear the signs of the trade, and are still open and crowded with patrons; and the proprietor is able, without let or hindrance, to screen his windows and doors in such a way that nothing that goes on within can be seen from the sidewalk,—for the Screen law of course applies only to licensed establishments. On election day, when the other saloons in the neighborhood were deserted, the Keenan place was lighted as usual, and liberally patronized. It may be, of course, that Mr. Keenan, recognizing the error of his past ways, has turned his place into a missionary reading-room, where he gathers the young men of the neighborhood for religious reading and the interchange of high moral resolutions for the new year. This is not the theory current among his neighbors, however, who heartily wish that the law which allows the arrest and confinement of vagrants could be extended to the nailing-up of establishments which are "without visible means of support." It remains to be seen which will tire first, Mr. Keenan of the necessity of eternal vigilance or the police authorities of the difficult quest for evidence of infringements of the law.

District Deputy Br. Wm. Milligan and suite, of Cambridgeport, installed the following Officers of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., at their regular meeting last Wednesday evening:—  
N. G. Archibald Seale; V. G. D. Higgins; R. Sec., C. S. Richardson; Per. Sec., Geo. A. Sawyer; Treas., Geo. Hill Jr.; C. N. (Daniel) Whittey; W. M. Campbell; O. S. Ammi Hall; R. S. N. G. G. Jas. H. Richardson; L. S. N. G. G. P. Peirce; R. S. V. G. Jas. Gibson; L. S. V. G. F. Blitzer; R. S. S. C. W. Bunker; L. S. S. H. Finley. Trustees, D. Macfarland; Wm. H. Soles, Seth C. Winnek. Finance Com. Chas. W. Isley, Jas. A. Marden, Jas. B. Richardson.

The Cambridge Lodge, Number 13, paid a fraternal visit on this occasion, taking the brothers of this Lodge by surprise. After the installation, the District Deputy and suite, with the visiting brothers, were invited to the ante-room where a colation was partaken of with much pleasure by all.

The trial of Henry K. Goodwin for the murder of Mr. Swan, at Lawrence, resulted in a verdict of murder in the second degree. He was ably defended by Gen. Butler and others, who worked the insanity claim for all it was worth.

On Monday evening D. D. G. M. George W. Storer, assisted by William H. Poole as marshal, installed the officers of Charity Lodge, of North Cambridge, and Thursday evening performed a like service at Belmont.

There were five ex-army captains in the opening race for Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Representatives. Adams won.

An accident to a coal train occasioned several hours' detention of the late trains on the B. & L. railroad, Monday night.

One of the most daring burglaries of recent date was that in the Boston Quincy Market, last Monday night.

"January thaw" came early in the month; but in this section there was not much to "thaw."

A camp of Sons of Veterans is to be organized at G. A. R. Hall, Medford, Thursday night, of next week, and that Sons of Veterans in Arlington are invited to be present and join.

We hope all our readers will carefully peruse Geo. Robinson's message. It is a grand state paper, with suggestions that the Legislature may well follow.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 5, Thomas J. Purcell, aged 22 years, 5 months, 26 days.

Marriages.

In West Medford, Jan. 6, by Rev. C. W. Wilder, Charles E. Lowe, of Ipswich, and Ada R. Dunn, of Norway, Me.  
In Medford, Dec. 30, by Rev. M. M. Cutter, of Malden, Elmer E. Chapin, of West Medford, and Lizzie R. Newhall, of Medford.

Special Notices.

Lexington Savings Bank.

Brooks T. Bacheiler, Henry B. Brigham, Walter Wellington, Leonard A. Saville and John L. Norris are the Investment Committee at this date.  
A. E. SCOTT, Clerk.  
Lexington, Jan. 1, 1886.

COMING!

Town Hall, Arlington,  
Wednesday Ev'g, Feb. 4,  
under the management of the

Six Odd Associates of Arlington,

Jas. A. Marden, J. H. Richardson,  
Geo. L. Pierce, C. W. Isley,  
C. S. Richardson, R. P. Peirce.

THE FAMOUS PARK

CONCERT COMPANY

OF BOSTON.

This brilliant combination is recognized throughout the country as the Strongest Concert Organization now before the public. They are true artists, and each member is a musician of thorough training and experience. The company embraces

MISS ANNIE A. PARK, Cornet, Violoncello and Zither.  
MISS NELLIE C. PARK, Alto Horn, Viola and Zither.  
MISS GEORGE T. PARK, Cornet, Violin and Crystal Chimes.  
MR. JOHN F. PARK, Euphonium and Violin.  
MISS KATIE BELL PARK, Cornet and Flower Pots.  
MISS ADA LOWE PARK, Cornet and Bass Drum.  
MAST. GEORGE PARK, Baritone and Snare Drum.

Admission, 35 cents.  
Reserved Seats, 50 cents.  
To be had of the Six Odd Associates. Doors open at 7; concert at 7.45.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.  
MIDDLESEX, ss.

Probate Court.  
To the Heirs-at-Law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of RICHARD IRWIN, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:  
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Wilson, of Lexington, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named; and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of January, instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Arlington Advocate, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.  
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

Collector's Notice

OF SALE OF

REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.

The owners of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in the Town of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the years eighteen hundred and eighty-four and five, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes for said Town by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid; and said parcels of real estate will be offered at public auction for sale, at the office of the Selectmen, Town Hall, Lexington, on Saturday, Feb. 6th, 1886, at three o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said taxes, together with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

FANNY C. PAGANI.  
Tax for 1884, \$56.18; tax for 1885, \$57.24.  
Parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, bounded and described as follows:—Southwesterly by Lowell street about 100 feet; westerly and northerly by said Lowell street about 347 1/2 feet; northerly by Westminister avenue about 109 feet; easterly by the town line and Town of Arlington, containing 36,380 square feet, be the same more or less, or however otherwise bounded or described.

MRS. JANE M. BRUCE.  
Tax for 1884, \$20.07.  
Parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, containing fourteen acres, more or less, situated on Concord avenue, bounded and described as follows:—Easterly by land of C. M. Parker; northerly by land now or late of Whitney Brothers; westerly by land of heirs of Charles Brown; southerly by said Concord avenue, or however otherwise bounded.

MRS. JANE M. BRUCE.  
Tax for 1884, \$4.24.  
Parcel of land containing eight acres, more or less, situated on Concord avenue, bounded as follows:—Westerly by town line and Town of Lincoln; southerly by a private way; easterly by land of A. N. Tutts; northerly by said Concord avenue, or however otherwise bounded or described.

JOHN L. HOLBROOK.  
Tax for 1884, \$1.80.  
Parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Independence avenue, bounded and described as follows:—Southerly by said Independence avenue; westerly by land of Lucy Holbrook; northerly by land of Charles H. Lowe; easterly by land of heirs of Eliza A. Hanson, containing about 570 square feet, be the same more or less, or however otherwise bounded or described.

CHARLES T. WEST,  
Collector of Taxes.

Just Received, Lot of  
SPRUCE & PINE  
CLAPBOARDS!

AT THE  
RAILROAD LUMBER YARDS,  
Nos. 336 to 348 Main Street,  
13nov  
Cambridgeport.  
GEO. W. GALE.

Pleasant Street Market.

You will always find a first class stock at this Market; prices to correspond with the times.  
A good stock of BEEF, LAMB, FRESH PORK, SAUSAGE,  
TURKEYS and CHICKENS to make choice from.

White Cape and St. Andrew Turnips, Hubbard Squash, Onions, Parsnips, Beets, Sw. Potatoes.  
Also, Cape Cod Cranberries. We shall receive our CELERY fresh from the garden.

Just received, a fresh stock of NUTS,  
ALMONDS, ENGLISH WALNUTS, FILBERTS, PECANS, CASTANAS, SHELL-BARKS,  
FRUITS: MALAGA GRAPES, LEMONS, ORANGES and APPLES.

SWEET CIDER AND CIDER VINEGAR. HOME-MADE MINCE PIE MEAT.  
Come in and examine the quality of our goods and the prices, and if they are satisfactory, we should like to sell you.  
PLEASANT STREET, ARLINGTON.  
WINN & PIERCE.



This small copy of the famous picture of the Poet Longfellow in his Library, will give our readers some idea of the real excellence of this special premium we offer for subscribers, according to the terms printed below. We are ready to fill all orders promptly.

TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

AMERICA'S IMMORTAL POET.

We take much pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made to supply our readers with an extraordinary bargain by offering to them a LIMITED number of proof impressions of

Hollier's Line and Stipple Steel Plate Engraving

—OF THE LATE—

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW in his Library

At "Craigie House," Old Cambridge, Mass.

"The Singer so much beloved has passed from sight, but the music of his voice is in the air."

1st. At the INTRODUCTORY and remarkably low price of one dollar for this magnificent Steel Plate Engraving, size, 24 x 32 inches.

2d. Or we will send the Arlington Advocate or Lexington Minute-Man, for one year to subscribers, together with the engraving, on receipt of \$2.50.

3d. Or we will send the engraving FREE to any person sending us TWO yearly subscribers to either of our papers.

Remember this is no chromo, or trifling work of Fancy, but a SUPERB STEEL PLATE ENGRAVING.

No more appropriate beautiful or enduring present to relation or friend can be made than this artistic picture of "AMERICA'S POPULAR POET."

CHAS. S. PARKER, Publisher.

PHOTOGRAPHS

TAKEN AS QUICK AS A WINK AT

Pach's Studio,

Main St., near Beck Hall, Cambridge.

MOTHERS DON'T NEGLECT TO BRING THE

LITTLE ONES;

MR. TUPPER ALWAYS HAS A CORDIAL WELCOME

FOR THEM; AND A VISIT TO THE

STUDIO WILL PAY YOU.

N. B. No Stairs to Climb.

Dancing and Deportment.

Mrs. Dartmouth Leonard, of Boston,

pupil of the late Mons. J. Arcan, will receive a select class at Massachusetts Hall, Lexington.

Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1886.

Young Ladies, Sixes and Masters from 4.30 to 6.30 p. m. Ladies and Gentlemen's class from 7.45 to 9.45 p. m.

Circulars containing by addressing my private academy 447 Shawmut Ave., Boston; or, Massachusetts Hall, Lexington.

JJan2w

Mortgagee's Sale.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by E. Willis Corey and Cecannia M. Corey his wife, in her own right, to Sarah L. Hubbell, executrix of the will of Peter Hubbell, dated February 1, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds in Book 1245, Page 416, and assigned to John H. Hubbell by assignment dated March 27, 1874, recorded with said deeds in Book 1303, Page 555, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, the said assignee will sell at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described (being the premises described in said mortgage), on Thursday the twenty-eighth day of January, 1886, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Two parcels of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Pleasant street in Arlington, in said County of Middlesex, bounded and described as follows, viz:—The first parcel: Beginning at the Northwestern corner of the premises on the Southerly side of Pleasant street, at the division fence between this parcel and land now or late of Mary P. Payson, and thence running on said Pleasant street North 88° East about three rods; then still on said Pleasant street North 61° 1/4 East three rods and thirteen links; then still on said Pleasant street North 88° East two rods nine links; then still on said Pleasant street North 88° East four rods fifteen links to land now or late of Addison Gage; then running South 27° 1/2 East on said land of Gage seven rods seven links to a point twenty-eight links from Spy Pond; then running South 80° West by land now or late of said Gage, and of Gage, Sawyer & Co. seven rods twenty-two links to a point seven rods from Spy Pond; then South 88° West by land now or late of said Gage, Sawyer & Co. four rods one link to a point six links from Spy Pond; then Northerly on said division fence about one hundred eighty-six feet to the point of beginning.

The second parcel: Beginning at a point on Pleasant street at the Northerly corner of the first parcel, and thence by the northerly line thereof South 27° 1/2 East seventeen rods seven links to a point twenty-eight links from Spy Pond; then running South 80° West by land now or late of said Gage, Sawyer & Co. four rods one link to a point six links from Spy Pond; then Northerly on said division fence about one hundred eighty-six feet to the point of beginning.

Conditions made known at time and place of sale.

JOHN H. HUBBELL,  
Assignee of said mortgage.  
Chester F. Sanger, Att'y  
23 Court St., Boston.

J. H. INGALLS,

Teacher of Piano and Violin and

PIANO TUNER,

RESIDENCE: BLOOMFIELD STREET, Lexington, Mass. Pianos tuned, regulated and repaired.

Thruppy

TO LET!

The pleasant, sunny house formerly occupied by the late Dr. Currier, on Muzzey street, Lexington, having nine rooms and an excellent cellar. Has a supply of water from Water Co.'s pipes and large cisterns. House in good order. For particulars, apply to Leonard A. Saville or John D. Bacon, Lexington.



## WEST MEDFORD NEWS.

Although every thing is so quiet on the surface, we feel sure a strong pressure is being brought to bear, and in a proper direction, to accomplish the new township project on which our people are so firmly determined.

There are prospects of a unique entertainment to be given at the First Parish church in a couple of weeks.

The horse back riders on New Year's day, had a most enjoyable ride to Malden and then to Arlington. For various reasons the party was not as large as was expected.

Don't we need a clock in the waiting rooms of our beautiful new station? This seems to be all that is lacking to make its interior complete.

The work of grading around the station has been progressing as fast as two men can make it the past week, and the improvement is evident.

The regular monthly meeting of the Unit Club occurs next Tuesday evening, Jan. 12. The entertainment for the evening will be a miscellaneous one.

Early Monday evening the trains on this line got sadly mixed and were detained for some hours. The delay was caused by a freight train being thrown from the track near Milk Row station.

We wonder that the fine building lots on Brooks street are not built on. It is one of the finest localities in the town and the view obtained from this street is grand.

The annual watch-night service was held at the Methodist church on Thursday evening, opening at 8 o'clock, with a sermon by the pastor.

Rev. Mr. Wilder will preach the tenth sermon in the "doctrinal series" next Sunday evening. Topic:—"The Resurrection."

In volume xviii., No. 518, of the "American Architect and Building News," is a fine Helotype print of our new depot, showing it from several different points of view.

The Misses Hayden who have been living in this village for the past three or four years, left for their home in Los Angeles, Cal., on Tuesday last.

This week has been observed in the Harvard Ave. Cong'l church, as one of prayer and praise offering. Different subjects were taken up and discussed in a very able manner.

The experiences of last year are not lost upon the committee having charge of the town division matter, and the event will prove that few mistakes have been made.

Mr. Edward F. Allen has been elected to the position just vacated by Mr. Cornburn on the ministerial fund of the First Parish church. We have no doubt but he will fill it as acceptably as his predecessor.

Owing to the blockade at Somerville, on the Lowell rail road, Jan. 4, 1886, many residents of this village were obliged to spend most of the night in the cars, as the train leaving Boston at 7.15 p. m., did not reach West Medford till 2.30 a. m., and the other trains were considerably later.

We have faith to believe the Legislature will grant the petition of our citizens to be set off as a new township. If the facts can be properly set before them, there will be small opposition except from personally interested parties.

Items of news may be left with Mr. Wilber, at his periodical store, who has kindly consented to take charge of the same, or if more convenient, they may be placed in a box, at the store of Mr. Ober. If we are to have a newsy paper in the town, each must do his part.

At the communion service at the Congregational church, last Sunday, a large number were added to the church membership on this occasion, making a happy opening of the church life of the new year in its truest sense.

As is usually the case when the jubilee singers advertise to give one of their entertainments in our village, the entertainment of Thursday, of last week, was largely patronized and an enjoyable programme was presented of a miscellaneous character.

The parishioners of Rev. C. W. Wilder surprised him and his family at their residence on Jerome street, on Monday evening. The house was filled to repletion by the unexpected guests, and the evening passed pleasantly in singing and conversation, and the company in departing left behind them many substantial tokens of their regard.

The Elmwood Club will as usual meet on Tuesday evening next when a full attendance is hoped for so as to have a successful rehearsal. The meeting was postponed this week by the director, Mr. Willis Clark, not wishing in any way to interfere with the religious meetings during this week of prayer.

A brief but wide-awake lecture course begins next Sunday evening, at the Congregational church. Rev. A. E. Winship opens it with an account of the religious life and domestic customs of the Mormons, whom he has visited three times, once within a month. He has a splendid stereopticon and exhibits views of various scenes, buildings and people, in that painfully interesting country. He is to be followed by Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., former president of Robert's College, Constantinople, who will speak from

general knowledge and recent news from his former home, and by Rev. R. B. Howard, who will point out localities, on a large map and describe the Battle of Gettysburg as he saw it while with his brother, Gen. O. O. Howard. Dates of the two last lectures to be announced hereafter. A course ticket is but 50 cents.

A more successful or enjoyable entertainment for the children could not have been arranged, than that given at the Congregational church, on New Year's night, at the children's New Year party. A large number were present to sit down to a bountiful spread table, and enjoyed its pleasures immensely. After supper the programme for the evening was presented and was composed of views, both serious and comic, more especially designed to please the children, shown by the aid of the stereopticon, and singing and recitation. Mr. and Mrs. Hood acceptably rendered a duet and Mrs. Hood also gave a solo, and little Grace Landrum gave a Christmas recitation that was very pleasing. Interspersed among the members of the programmes was the singing of Christmas carols by the children of the school, and we think one and all present enjoyed this social meeting to the full of the first day of the year to its fullest extent.

The following order of service will be observed in the Harvard Ave. Cong'l church:—Organ voluntary, doxology in vocation, congregation standing; selection by choir, responsive reading from Psalter, hymn, prayer, low response by choir, Scripture reading, Sabbath offerings, notices, hymn, congregation standing; sermon, prayer, hymn, congregation standing, benediction. On the second Sunday of each month the money taken up (other than that in envelopes) is given to some one of the seven Congregational benevolent societies as designated. The Congregational Sunday school meets immediately after the morning service, in the vestry, except on Communion Sundays, when its session commences at 2.30 p. m. Communion on the first Sunday in January, March, May, July, Sept. and November.

Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, will preach in the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening.

There has been an eating room opened in Holton's Block.

The Traveller of Monday evening had the following in regard to an interesting event in our village:—

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Berg celebrated their 25th anniversary at their residence on Boston avenue, Saturday evening last. It was one of the most agreeable social events that ever occurred in this pleasant little village. The many friends of the worthy couple began to arrive about eight o'clock, and an hour later the house was completely filled. Among those present were Mr. George W. Stetson, editor of the Medford Mercury, Mr. J. O. Hill and wife, C. N. Jones, wife and daughter, J. M. Hewes and wife, and others from Medford Centre; Mr. H. Dunster and wife, Mr. Gordon Kempton and wife, Mrs. Hall and daughter, and Miss Bragdon. There were also present parties from Boston, Cambridge, Chelsea, and Montreal, Can. The ushers, Messrs. H. M. Hill and W. E. Johnson, performed their parts most acceptably. Mr. Berg and his amiable wife welcomed their friends in a cordial manner, Mr. Berg making a graceful little speech and thanking all present for the kind remembrances of the pleasant event. The remainder of the evening was spent in a social way, including singing and reading. Miss Carrie Libbey recited a humorous composition in an inimitable manner. During the evening a bountiful collation was served. At a late hour the company separated, wishing the estimable couple a happy new year and a continued lease of happiness with which to celebrate their golden anniversary.

On and after Dec. 14, '85.

TRAINS LEAVE WEST MEDFORD FOR  
Boston at 6.09, 6.25, 6.45, 6.56, 7.14, 7.36, 8.04, 8.35, 8.53, 9.14, 9.36, 10.36, 11.36, a. m. 12.11, 12.53, 1.17, 1.26, 2.21, 2.50, 3.03, 3.36, 4.21, 5.36, 6.51, 10.49, p. m.  
Sunday, 9.21, 9.47, a. m. 12.14, 2.14, 2.51, 4.51, 5.17, 6.14, 6.51, p. m.  
Boston for West Medford, 7.00, 7.45, 8.10, 9.10, 9.20, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30, a. m. 12.10, 1.15, 1.40, 2.00, 2.30, 3.10, 3.55, 4.40, 5.10, 5.40, 5.50, 6.15, 6.40, 7.15, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.15, p. m.  
Sunday, 9.00, 10.15, a. m. 12.45, 1.00, 1.05, 4.00, 5.00, 5.30, 10.15, p. m.

**J. E. OBER,**  
**Choice Family Groceries,**  
Farm and Garden Tools.  
FINE BUTTER, BOTH LUMP AND TUB,  
A Specialty.

**COAL AND WOOD YARD.**  
Wood by the Cord,  
or cut and split in any quantity.

**Fire Insurance Agent**  
Risks placed in the best companies at the usual rates.  
OPP. DEPOT, - WEST MEDFORD,  
Telephone 6146.

**S. S. HOLTON, Jr.,**  
**BOARDING and LIVERY STABLE,**  
Near R. R. Station,  
West Medford, - Mass.  
Telephone 6106.  
Calls attended to night or day. 23may

**A GIFT**—Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you *free* a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Immediate pay sure for those who start at once.  
4400m STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

**FLOUR!**  
JUST RECEIVED,  
**125 BARRELS**  
—OF THE—  
**Best Haxall Flour!**  
Which I am selling at a  
**VERY LOW PRICE!**  
—The BEST FLOUR in town.

**BUTTER!**  
**Choice Vermont Creamery Butter!**  
TUB & LUMP, RECEIVED WEEKLY.  
Please call and examine this Butter; our prices rule low.  
**Also, CHEESE and EGGS.**

**POULTRY**  
Shipped direct from Vermont, and can be confidently recommended as first-class in every particular.  
A full line of **Choice Family Groceries,** Provisions and all kinds of **Vegetables.**  
Goods delivered in all parts of the town.

**F. H. LOVERING,**  
WEST MEDFORD, MASS.  
2may15

**THE CENTURY**  
FOR 1885-86.  
The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong special features published recently in The Century has given that magazine a regular circulation of  
**More than 200,000 Copies Monthly.**  
All dealers and postmasters take subscriptions and supply numbers according to our special offer, or remittance may be made directly to  
20nov THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

**Boston Directory.**  
Embracing a list of the places of business of some of the residents of Arlington and Lexington which will prove a convenience to every one.

—:—

**PARKER & WOOD,**  
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,  
49 North Market Street, Boston.

**BOYLSTON M. Insurance Co.,**  
30 Kilby Street, Boston.  
J. W. BALCH, Pres. W. GLOVER, Sec.

**FAY, WILSON & CO.,**  
COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS,  
7 State Street, Boston.

**KERN & FITCH,**  
CONVEYANCERS,  
23 Court Street, Room 51 to 54, Boston.

**KENISON, DR. P.,**  
CHIROPODIST,  
18 Temple Place, Boston.

**LUMBER.**  
WM. H. WOOD & CO.,  
Broadway and Third Street, Cambridgeport.

**WASHINGTON F. & M. INS. CO.,**  
Isaac Sweetser, Pres., A. W. Damon, Sec.  
38 State Street, Boston.

**WOOD BROTHERS,**  
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,  
12 Sudbury Street, corner Friend, Boston.

—:—

**HARDY BROTHERS & RODMAN,**  
TAILORS,  
No. 348 Washington Street, Boston.

**GEORGE A. HARDY, M.E.,**  
MILAN R. HARDY, Arlington;  
GEORGE E. RODMAN, Boston.

**DEVEREAUX & LINDSAY,**  
TAILORS,  
Chambers 367 Washington St., Boston.

**DYER, J. T. & CO.,**  
MEN'S FURNISHINGS,  
Bowdoin Square, 19 Green St., Boston.

**JACKSON & CO.,**  
HATTERS AND FURRIERS,  
39 Tremont Street, Boston.

**LAMKIN, G. & CO.,**  
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,  
28 Tremont Row, Boston.

**GOODNOW, W. H.,**  
HATTER,  
10 Hanover Street, Boston.

—:—

**HOMER, H. H. & CO.,**  
CROCKERY AND GLASS,  
33 Franklin Street, Boston.

**CROSBY, FRANKLIN,**  
CARPETS, OIL CLOTH ETC.,  
344 Washington Street, Boston.

**MERRILL, J. S. & SON,**  
PAPER HANGINGS and Window Shades,  
26 and 28 Washington Street, Boston.

**CHIPMAN'S SONS & CO.,**  
CARPENTERS,  
93 Court, corner Hanover street, Boston.

—:—

**BURT & HARRIS,**  
BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS,  
24 Quincy Market, Boston.

**FLOUR.**  
LANE & CO.,  
Agents for Celebrated 1001 Brand,  
400 State Street, Boston.

**FESSENDEN, C. B. & CO.,**  
FINE GROCERIES, ETC.,  
177 Court Street, Boston.

**SQUIRE, JOHN P. & CO.,**  
PORK, LARD, BACON, ETC.,  
25 and 27 F. H. Market, 39 and 40 N. Market St.

**RICHARDSON, GEO. E. & CO.,**  
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,  
No. 1 Faneuil Hall Sq., Boston.

**SWAN & VALPEY,**  
POULTRY AND WILD GAME,  
No. 1 New Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

**SWAN & NEWTON,**  
POULTRY AND WILD GAME,  
18 and 20 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

—:—

**CALVIN ANDREWS,**  
Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,  
Bucknam Court, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams. Special pains will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

Yards at Arlington, Arlington Heights and Lexington.

**Warren A. Peirce,**  
DEALER IN  
**COALS**  
Wood, Hay, Straw, Grain,  
**LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER,**  
**HAIR, ETC.**

Orders by mail or telephone will receive prompt attention.  
**Best Qualities of Coal furnished at lowest prices.**

Box 175, Arlington. Telephone, Arlington, 6815.

ESTABLISHED 1821.

**WM. L. CLARK & CO.,**  
**Carriage Painters,**  
**Trimmers and Harness Makers,**  
Dealers in Blankets, Halters, Surcingles, Whips, Combs, Brushes, Horse Boots, &c.  
Cor. Arlington Ave. and Aron Street,  
W. L. CLARK, ARLINGTON, MASS. W. A. CLARK.

Personal attention given to touching up, varnishing and trimming carriages, etc.  
June1

**W. H. H. TUTTLE,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-law  
OFFICE:  
47 Devonshire St., BOSTON.  
Arlington Office No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington  
hours, 7 p. m. by appointment before 9 a. m.

**W. W. TUFTS, M. D.,**  
Court Street,  
THIRD HOUSE FROM ARLINGTON AVE.  
17July3m

**CASSIUS M. HALL,**  
DEALER IN

**Choice Family GROCERIES,**  
FLOUR, MOLASSES, FRUITS, &c.  
Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

—:—

We take this opportunity to call especial attention to our brand of

**"White Elephant" Flour!**

It is the Very Best in the Market, and as we receive direct from the mill, we are enabled to sell at the

**Lowest Boston Price!**

When in need of a barrel, give us a call.

—:—

**CLOTHING**  
—ON—  
**WEEKLY PAYMENTS!**

WE SELL

**Ladies' and Gents' Clothing,**  
**DRY GOODS,**  
and all kinds of Merchandise on

**Weekly Payments,**  
**AT STRICTLY CASH PRICES!**

Business strictly confidential.

**NEW ENGLAND SUPPLY COMPANY,**  
86 COURT, COR. HOWARD ST., ROOM 1,  
30oct BOSTON, MASS. 8m

—:—

**SEVERANCE & TAPPAN,**  
IMPORTERS & PACKERS OF

**Pickles, Canned Goods,**  
**Sauces, &c.**

FACTORIES:  
Boston, Mass. F. B. SEVERANCE.  
Northfield, Mass. D. L. TAPPAN.  
North Ware, N. H.

383 TO 393 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON.

—:—

**SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**  
ESTABLISHED 1845

The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, \$3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 36 Broadway, N. Y.

Munn & Co. have also had thirty-seven years' experience before the Patent Office and have prepared more than One Hundred Thousand applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Agents, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munns & Co. are noted in the Scientific American free of charge. The advantage of such notice is well understood by persons who wish to do business of their patents. Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 31 Broadway, New York.

—:—

**DRAFTS ON IRELAND,**  
For £1 and upward.

ISSUED AT ARLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

By ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treasurer.

15may6m

**David Clark,**  
MILL STREET, - ARLINGTON.

**Hacks, Barges, and Teams,**  
Furnished to Order.

Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.

Telephone No. 6811.

—:—

**GEO. Y. WELLINGTON,**  
**General Fire Insurance Ag't**  
Savings Bank Building,  
ARLINGTON, - MASS.

Office hours, Saturdays from 7 to 9 p. m.

**WINN'S**  
**ARLINGTON & BOSTON**  
**EXPRESS.**

33 COURT SQUARE, - BOSTON.  
OFFICES: } POST OFFICE, - ARLINGTON.

Leave Arlington at 9 A. M.; Boston at 2 P. M.

—:—

**Menotomy Hall, Arlington**  
**TO LET.**

Parties desiring the use of Menotomy Hall for Parties, Lectures, Concerts, or other purposes, can be accommodated on application to

THOMAS RODEN,  
No. 6 Beacon Street.  
4nov3m

—:—

**Misses E. & M. A. BALL,**  
**DRESS AND CLOAK MAKERS,**  
Tower House, cor. Boyd & Jewett St.,  
NEWTON, - MASS.

The latest styles and patterns always on hand to show customers. Personal attention to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention to cutting and fitting stylish garments.  
30mar1m

—:—

**New Leaving Time.**  
**NEEDHAM'S EXPRESS**  
Now leaves Faneuil Hall Market  
At 2.30, P. M.,  
instead of 2.00 o'clock, as formerly. All orders promptly attended to. 6June

—:—

**J. Henry Hartwell,**  
ARLINGTON, MASS.,

**FUNERAL DIRECTOR**  
—AND—  
**Furnishing Undertaker.**

Will attend to the care and preparation of bodies. Constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS and ROBES.

Richly furnished with the latest styles of furniture, Carriages, Patent Folding Chairs and Flowers furnished where desired. Warehouses unobscured.

**ARLINGTON AVENUE AND BROADWAY.**  
Residence on Myatic street. 26sep-1f

—:—

**Dr. J. I. PEATFIELD,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Rooms 4 & 5 Savings Bank Building, Arlington.  
Special Attention Given to Filling.

—:—

**CHARLES GOTT,**  
**Carriage**  
**Manufacturer**  
—AND—  
**BLACKSMITH,**  
Arlington Ave. opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington

Particular attention paid to

**HORSESHOEING.**  
Has, already finished and in course of building,  
**HEAVY MARKET & MANURE WAGONS,**  
**SLEIGHS, FUNGS, Etc.**

**S. P. PRENTISS,**  
Teacher of

**Piano, Organ, Violin and Harmony.**  
Will conduct Choruses and Singing Classes.  
Pleasant Street, - Arlington.

—:—

**ABEL LAWRENCE,**  
**HARNESS MAKER,**  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Next door to Chas. Gott, and opposite Arlington House. Trunks and valises repaired. New work of every description in the best possible manner. Repairing in all its branches attended to.

—:—

**HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS**  
For the Cure of all diseases of  
**Horses, Cattle, Sheep**  
**DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.**  
Used successfully for 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R.R., &c.  
Endorsed & used by the U.S. Government.  
Pamphlets & Charts sent free.  
**HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO.,**  
109 Fulton St., New York.

more money than at anything else by making an agency for the best selling book.

WIN. H. HALL, Boston. Agents, H. H. HALL, Boston.

**DRAFTS ON IRELAND,**  
For £1 and upward.

ISSUED AT ARLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

By ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treasurer.

15may6m

**David Clark,**  
MILL STREET, - ARLINGTON.

**Hacks, Barges, and Teams,**  
Furnished to Order.

Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.

Telephone No. 6811.

—:—

**GEO. Y. WELLINGTON,**  
**General Fire Insurance Ag't**  
Savings Bank Building,  
ARLINGTON, - MASS.

Office hours, Saturdays from 7 to 9 p. m.

**WINN'S**  
**ARLINGTON & BOSTON**  
**EXPRESS.**

33 COURT SQUARE, - BOSTON.  
OFFICES: } POST OFFICE, - ARLINGTON.

Leave Arlington at 9 A. M.; Boston at 2 P. M.

—:—

**Menotomy Hall, Arlington**  
**TO LET.**

Parties desiring the use of Menotomy Hall for Parties, Lectures, Concerts, or other purposes, can be accommodated on application to

THOMAS RODEN,  
No. 6 Beacon Street.  
4nov3m

—:—

**Misses E. & M. A. BALL,**  
**DRESS AND CLOAK MAKERS,**  
Tower House, cor. Boyd & Jewett St.,  
NEWTON, - MASS.

The latest styles and patterns always on hand to show customers. Personal attention to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention to cutting and fitting stylish garments.  
30mar1m

—:—

**New Leaving Time.**  
**NEEDHAM'S EXPRESS**  
Now leaves Faneuil Hall Market  
At 2.30, P. M.,  
instead of 2.00 o'clock, as formerly. All orders promptly attended to. 6June



# THE SONG OF THE SEA WIND.

How it sings, sings, sings,  
Blowing sharply from the sea-line,  
With an edge of salt that stings;  
How it laughs aloud, and passes,  
As it cuts the close cliff-grasses;  
How it sings again and whistles,  
How it shakes the stout sea-thistles—  
How it sings!

How it shrieks, shrieks, shrieks,  
In the crannies of the headland,  
In the gashes of the creeks;  
How it shrieks once more, and catches  
Up the yellow foam it patches;  
How it whirls it out and over  
To the corn-field and the clover—  
How it shrieks!

How it roars, roars, roars,  
In the iron and under caverns,  
In the hollow of the shores;  
How it roars anew, and thunders,  
As the strong hull splits and sunders;  
And the spent ship, tempest driven,  
On the reef lies rent and riven—  
How it roars!

How it wails, wails, wails,  
In the tangle of the wreckage,  
In the flapping of the sails;  
How it sobs away, subsiding,  
Like a tired child after chiding;  
And across the ground swell rolling,  
You can hear the bell-buoy tolling—  
How it wails!

—Austin Dobson, in *The Independent*.

## MOLLIE'S BURGLAR.

Mary Wilson had passed the first seventeen years of her life in a country village; then she went to the city to visit her brother, and found its attractions so alluring, that six months passed away and the time of her return to country life was, as yet, indefinitely postponed. For two months previous to her visit, her country friends had vied with each other in telling her tales of the cunning, the wickedness, the subtlety of city sharpers, pickpockets and burglars, until the idea became firmly fixed in her mind that she was going into a den of thieves; but as yet she had met with no adventure worthy of note, and was fast reaching the conclusion that city people were no worse than their country neighbors, when something occurred which caused her, for a short time at least, to change her mind. But of this more anon.

She was still heart whole, although she had been sought by several very eligible suitors since her arrival in the city, for she was a pretty girl, very desirable for her own sweet sake, but still more so as Mary Wilson, sister of the wealthy and influential Lawyer-Wilson. And this was how matters stood, when one Sabbath she chanced to see a stranger in the pew adjoining her brother's, and could not help seeing that the stranger was regarding her with admiring eyes, very handsome eyes they were, too, but she did not dismiss all thought of him and, as she had done of others on similar occasions, but found it impossible to see dark eyes presented themselves to her mental vision with a persistency for which she could not account.

On Monday evening her brother bought tickets and invited his wife and her to attend a lecture, and Miss Wilson caught herself wondering, as she donned her cloak and hat, if the dark gentleman would be there, and if he would look for her. She found the lecture hall full, and concluded to wait a time, to return home. She happened this intention to her brother, and saw her to her carriage, and giving directions to the coachman to return to her, she went back to her room. Miss Wilson was driven rapidly toward her room, and she left her carriage at the door, and ran lightly up the stairs to her room. The door was partly open, although she was sure it had closed, the gas was turned on, and she had left it, and in the half-light she saw, before she reached the door, a man in the room. His back toward her, and he was walking toward a large closet at the other end of the apartment. He opened the door and stepped into the closet; she ran swiftly across the room, her feet making little or no sound on the thick carpet. "Confound the fellow who has come here!" she heard him mutter, "why can't he leave things where a fellow can find them?" "Yes," she thought, "her room was correct; it was a burglary like a flash she threw herself at the door and turned the key. She was terribly frightened, and felt sure that she should faint. But as she never made no demonstrations betraying the door gently, this feeling wore off. She turned on the gas, and sat down to consider what to do. If she called the servant they would be frightened; there was noise and confusion, and perhaps would get away. If she went after a policeman, he might get while she was one; no, she would where she was and keep guard until her brother should return. She had thought him, and did it very bravely; and the more she thought of her brother and more brilliant she felt she wished he would speak; she was anxious to know how he felt about the matter. Presently he did speak; a very pleasant voice; he tried to speak again and asked, "Who locked the door?"

She answered promptly, "I did."

"To lock you in there, of course, I don't intend that you shall get out."

She was silent for a minute or two, and then she remarked, "Don't you see, I have got you out now, don't you?" "Now let me out. There's a wretch, you villain! How dare I what?"

"I am that."

"It was my sister, by Jove!" he said, in a low tone. Then he looked through the key-hole and looked through the key-hole. He was what he saw; a graceful figure, robed in soft, clinging, light-colored dress, with a face of a bright, self-reliant face, with masses of fluffy brown hair, and some time to make those who saw her for the keyhole was so close that he could see but a part of the face at once. Then he remarked: "I think, miss, there is some mistake."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," sarcastically. "I think I came into the wrong house."

"I think you did."

"Isn't this No. 4?"

"No, indeed, it is No. 2."

"Well, I stop at No. 4; came there on Saturday to visit my sister, Mollie Brown. The houses must be just alike. I went to the lecture and found it dull, so came home, or thought I did."

"Humph, a likely story."

"I hope you may find it acceptable," remarked the young man, who occasionally dabbled in literature. Then the comical side of the affair forced itself upon him, and he laughed, actually laughing; she heard him.

"You seem to enjoy the situation," she said, somewhat spitefully, "thinking it proof of his total depravity."

"I do, immensely."

"I should think you would, with the gallows staring you in the face."

"The gallows?"

"Yes, my brother will have you hanged."

"Your brother?" then doubtfully and hesitatingly. "Are you Bella Clark?"

"No, indeed; I am not," very energetically; for Bella Clark—Dr. Clark's sister and Mrs. Brown's neighbor on the other side—was what Mollie Wilson always designated as "a die-away sort of person," and was her especial detestation.

"I am glad of that," said the prisoner, in a relieved tone.

"Why?" with evident interest.

"Well, you know," confidentially, "I should not want her to capture me."

"I should think not. Well, you need not fear, she never will, now. A moment's silence, then."

"Don't you think it cruel to keep a fellow-being shut up in the dark so long?"

"A burglar isn't a fellow-being; he is just a—a—burglar."

"A burglar! whew! Do you think I could put one of my cards through this keyhole?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"May I try?"

"Yes."

Then came a jingling of silver money and a rustling of garments as the man searched his pockets. "Well, hang it all, I haven't got one."

"I thought you had not."

"They are in the breast pocket of my coat. I left it in your hall; will you not go down and get one?"

"And have you come out and murder me while I am gone? No, sir."

"Will you please let me out?"

"No, sir; never."

"What, never?"

"Well, no," smiling in spite of herself, "not after that."

"I suppose I could kick the door open. Well, there, there, don't be frightened, I will not kick or even try to get out."

Then there was silence, and she began to feel a little doubtful about her prisoner and was debating with herself as to whether she had not better call a policeman, when she heard her brother and his wife in the hall below.

"Harry," she called from the head of the stairs, "come up here at once."

Harry came. "What is it, sis?"

"I've got a man shut in that closet. I think he is a burglar; but he says he isn't, and I begin to fear that he is telling the truth."

"How did you get him in there?"

"Well, I came up stairs and he was just going into the closet, and I ran and locked him in."

"Yes," said a voice, almost choked with laughter, "and I'm here yet."

"Who are you?"

"Charles Kingsley, visiting my sister at No. 4, next door. I presume—left my hat and coat in your hall. You will find letters in my coat pocket; you can verify my statement in a moment, if you choose."

"Charles Kingsley? called at my office to-day with Brown?" then to Mollie: "It is all right, sis; burglars do not leave hats and coats in the hall. I have met this gentleman. You may come out," he added, opening the door. And Mr. Kingsley advanced into the lighted room, and looked quizzically at the jailer. She gave one glance at his laughing brown eyes bent upon her, and then fled from the room. It was the gentleman she had seen in church.

"Oh! you are Mr. Wilson," said Kingsley, in a pleasant tone, as that gentleman held out his hand. "I hope you will pardon me for entering your house in this manner. I arrived on Saturday, the houses are just alike on the outside—and inside, too, I believe—and in the dim light I did not notice the number. I should have noticed that this was a lady's room," said he, glancing at its dainty furnishing, "but the gas was turned low, and the room I occupied at my sister's is furnished much the same; in fact, she gave up her own room to me, for the house is full of company. I went into the closet for a bootjack I thought I had left there, and put my hand into a bandbox; had just concluded that I had better have more light when the young lady locked the door. I fear I frightened her very much; will you present my regrets, and say that I am truly sorry?"

"Come over to-morrow and dine with us, and make your peace with the young lady herself," said Wilson.

The invitation so cordially given was accepted.

Six weeks from the date of his incarceration in the Wilson mansion he entered the Wilson parlor and found Miss Mollie alone. "Miss Wilson," he began, "when I came here six weeks ago you thought I came here to steal, but you were the thief, for you stole my heart. You made me an unwilling captive then, but I have been a willing one ever since. I came here to-day to ask you to be my wife?"

And for an answer she laid her hand in his and hid her rosy blushes upon his shoulder. —*New York Commercial*.

Lord Hotchkiss, one of the swell cowboys of Custer county, Mont., wagged he could walk from his ranch to Miles City, a distance of twenty-two miles, in four hours and a half. The bet was made, and accompanied by a horseman, his lordship tackled the trail. He arrived in Miles City in just four hours and four minutes, and pocketed the cash.

There are 3,100 saloons in San Francisco, which yield a yearly revenue to the city of \$203,510.

## QUEER HABITS OF BRUI.

A PENNSYLVANIA HUNTER DESCRIBES THE WAYS OF BEARS.

An Animal which Cares Nothing for the Sting of Bees or Wasps—How It Procures Food.

"Gil" Shaffer, the champion bear hunter of the Blooming Grove, (Penn.) region, has had an interesting talk about bears with a New York Times correspondent. The old hunter said:

"Is there many a bear left in these parts? Well, I should say so. I've gathered in twenty-nine myself this season. Bears know well that they can't better themselves by moving away from Potter in the 'jinn' counties, 'cause here they find the kind of food they like, and there more swamps and woods to the acre 'round hyer than any other deestic of its size in the hull kentry. S'pose, for instance, that they want akerns, which they alluz do. Well, if you kin trot out a corner of the universe whar thuz more scrub-oak and all other kind of oak than th' is in Potter I'll buy it of ye an' start a b'ar pasture of my own. Whar ye goin' to find sich beech woods ez we kin turn out? An' if b'ars want a picnic they alluz mosey for the highest neck of beech timber. B'ars likes to top off a good meal that they've ben makin' on akerns or beech nuts on somebody's calf or pig, with a snootful or two of wild honey. Well, now, sonny, when ye git yerself right down to talkin' business 'bout the produce of ol' Potter don't forget to remember that ye musn't get up no argument on whar she kin do in the way of turnin' out wild honey, 'less ye take the 'firmative side, 'cause ye'll git downed wuz a Uncle Bill Tripp did when he claim the ches'nut tree to kick a coon off'n a limb, an' the limb broke. Thez so many beech trees in this fertile edge o' the promised land that I think they must actually ben set out 'cultivated by somebody or other. Didn't never see a b'ar hunt a bee tree, did ye? Th' ain't no bee hunter ez ever burnt honey ez kin tech one side of a b'ar in ferretin' out a bee tree when he wunst gits the bee lined. When he gits on the track wuz the honey that's in that tree is his'n, jist ez sure ez it's in the tree, an' he'll hev it if he hez to folier the line fur forty mile. When he comes on to the tree he begins to spin up the trunk, lookin' fur the place whar the honey is. Ev'ry foot he'll stop an' whack the tree with one of his paws, 'cause he kin tell by the sound jist whar that honey's stored. When he finds it ye orter see him. He scratches, an' gnaws, an' gnashes at the tree ez if he had a grudge agin it th' nothin' could never satisfy, an' pooley soon he's got a hole big 'nough to cram his paw in. An' then mebbe he ain't 'bout ez happy ez they make 'em. He sops the honey out with his paw an' licks it off an' smacks his lips ez proper ez a gal at a taffy pull. The bees buzzes around an' dip him with their stingers, but he jist shets his eyes an' laughs. A bee sting on a b'ar is jist 'bout like a gnaw tryin' to raise a hump on an elephant's hide. A b'ar never lets up on a bee tree till he's scraped it ez clean ez a boun' pup'd lick a skillet of pork gravy."

"Then there's another thing that b'ars more'n dotes on, an' that's bugs, crickets, and sich-like o' provender ez would go to a table good ways with us. An' this fodder predominates understuns an' in ol' logs. Now, here's whar Potter comes in strong agin, ez a place whar b'ars kin laugh and grow fat. Y'll travel a many a long day 'fore y'll find down onto a spot whar stuns has more of a show th'n they do in Potter. She's the very garden spot o' stuns o' all sorts 'n' sizes. Consequently, thuz more stuns the b'ar finds to turn the more bugs an' things he's gointer find, which is a strong argyment agin his emigratin' from a distrie whar natur' hez jis' let herself loose to git him up a place whar he can live at the top o' the heap, and when he dies knows th't his children nor his children's children hain't a gointer suffer fur sump'n to chaw on."

"Twenty-nine b'ar hain't a bad haul fur one season, is it, sonny? Well, I don't mind tellin' ye that I never run onto sich luck afore, an' I've hunted thez woods fur fifty year. 'They happened to come my way, an' I looked arter 'em so th't they wouldn't come to no harm by wanderin' inter some strange part o' the county. I reckon I've averaged sumpin' like five a year since I begun to hunt."

"It's amusin' to watch a passel o' b'ars goin' through a scrub oak patch. When they're gittin' their dinner ready they go inter the scrub, an' raisin' on their hind feet, thrash and crash the akerns with their forepaws. They'll make an acre o' scrub oak look as if a mowin' machine had been through it in less'n no time. When a b'ar has thrashed down enough o' the scrub to give him whar he thinks 'll be enough akerns fur a squar' meal, he gobbles 'em up 'zif they were sugar-plums. When we're out in the fall lookin' for sign o' b'ar we alluz size up our chances for the season by the way the scrub oaks is thrashed down. 'Nother thing that's made me jis' lay off an' laugh more times th'n I've got fingers an' thees is to see some cunning ole cuss of a b'ar sparrin' with a lot of yaller jackets. A b'ar can't go by a yaller jacket's nest 'less he pitches in an' digs it up. Then he has the hull durn swarm on him in less'n a pig's whisper. That seems to be his little game, for he'll raise upon his hunches an' clip a little yaller cuss here an' another one thar, an' all the time his mouth is open, jist ez if he were laughin' at the way the yaller jackets ain't a worryin' him a bit, but knows durn well that he is everlastin'ly ruinin' them. Sometimes he'll stan' an' let the hull swarm settle on him, till he looks ez yaller ez a mustard plaster, and then he'll drop ol' a sudden, an' roll over an' over ez if he was havin' more fun than a passel o' boys in swimmin'. B'ars seems to have a spite agin hornets' nests, too, an' if one sees a nest on the rocks or hanging onto a tree, he'll spend half a day, whether he's in a hurry or not, to get that nest an' tear it into pieces no bigger'n mince meat. If the nest hangs on the top o' the rocks out'n the b'ar's reach he'll git on top o' them rocks somehow, and then roll stones down till he ketches the nest with one an' knocks it off. Then he goes down and hez a little sparrin' match with the hornets, an' tosses the nest about like a ball till he gits tired, an' then tears it to pieces and goes on his way feelin' good. I'd rather be kicked by a mule th'n stung by a hornet, but

a b'ar don't mind 'em any more'n he would a fly."

"But the boss fun a b'ar hez is in his waller hole. B'ars lives a good part o' the time in the swamps, an' long in the Summer time they come out an' dig holes in the mud 'long the edge o' the swamps. They git 'em mebbe two foot deep an' eight or ten long, an' then the picnic begins. The b'ar'll slook hiself down in the hole, an' the soft mud an' water'll all but cover him, an' thar he'll lay an' snort an' kick an' tumble by the hour. More'n wunst I've gone out to watch a waller hole go to put a ball in the b'ar when he got to work, but arter washin' of him an' laughin' at his capers fur an hour or so I've jist got up and dug fur hum an' let him be, 'cause I couldn't a had the heart to shoot him no more'n I could peppered a clown at a circus."

Gil Shaffer has a record of killing four bears in one fight, the conflict lasting an hour, and the weapon used being a hunting axe. The fight took place in snow two feet deep, in the front of a den out of which Shaffer smoked the bears by building a fire of boughs in the mouth of the den. This bear fighter is a thin, slight, pale-faced man, looking more like a dry goods clerk than a backwoodsman."

## An Alligator with an Iron Tail.

John Hunter, a colored man, a raftsmen by calling, reports that he was coming down the river on one of his periodical trips with a raft when he witnessed one of the most stupendous phenomena that this part of the country has ever given birth to. Arriving at Thirty-one Mile Bluff he landed, with his companions, to partake of the mid day meal and wait for the up boat, which had meat for him on board.

While seated on a shore discussing a spread of bacon, beans and corn bread, the attention of the party was suddenly attracted by a succession of quick puffs, very much resembling the noise made by the efforts of a steam engine. Looking in the direction whence came the sound, they saw the head of a huge alligator reared above the water and approaching toward them. In the rear of the head, where should have been a tail, no caudal apparatus was at the time apparent, but instead could be seen only a great disturbance of the water. The spray was dashed high in the air, the waves were churned until a long stream white with froth followed in the wake of the enormous ligator, and the only accountable agency for the disturbance was something like a paddle, the blades of which were at regular intervals seen projecting above the water. The alligator came nearer, and the men were not only astonished but alarmed at the wonderful speed with which the monster rushed toward them, propelled by the diabolical machine in the rear.

As the alligator got within a few yards of the bank Hunter's companions turned tail, and incontinently fled. Hunter, however, sought safety nearer at hand by climbing well up on the bluff, where he could successfully continue his observations. The huge animal now came ashore with a dull thud, and pulled himself lazily out of the water. As little by little his carcass rose from the muddy depths, the man watched with intense interest to get a glimpse of the thing which furnished the motive power. His curiosity was soon satisfied, and his astonishment raised to its widest tension as he beheld attached to the tail of the alligator a screw wheel, which looked like one ordinarily used by tugboats, but not more than a foot in diameter. A closer examination showed him that the same screw had not become attached there by accident, for it was so secured to the animal's tail by a transverse bar to which it was affixed, and which had been fastened with an iron band to the auricular hide in such a manner that by a peculiar motion of the tail the wheel could be made to revolve, and thus the alligator could propel well at an immense rate of speed.

No doubt some ingenious mechanic up the river had played a practical joke on the alligator, but the king of the bayou had turned it to the best advantage, and had learned how to make good use of his iron tail. —*Memphis Avalanche*.

## Teeth Glittering with Diamonds.

While waiting in a dentist's anti-room for my turn to be tortured, writes a New York correspondent, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between a girl in the operating chair and the man who was improving her mouth. The talk indicated that diamonds were somehow being used; and of course my curiosity was aroused. Pretty soon she came out. While standing in front of a mirror, putting on her hat and cloak, she smiled inspectively at herself, in a manner critical of her teeth, and the flash of something inside her red lips caught my eyes. It was not the gleam of the pearl into which the poet has so long transformed Beauty's tooth, but a brighter glint, like that of a diamond.

She was a "hifalutin" creature in dress and manners and clearly capable of any freak of embellishment; but I was nevertheless astonished when the dentist said: "Yes, it was a diamond that you saw. I have set four in her teeth, the gold filling serving as the metal with which to imbed the gems in the cavities. No, I never heard of such a thing before. It was her own original device. What for? To advertise herself. She is a prosperous adventuress, already ill-known, and desirous of greater notoriety. She brought the diamonds, and they are probably worth three or four hundred dollars together, as very big ones could not be used. I suppose the diamond-mouthed women will become famous in her way, and so the investment will prove satisfactory."

## Making Use of Congressmen.

Some strange requests are made at the hands of members of Congress, says a Washington correspondent, who adds: For instance, General Tom Browne, of Indiana, to-day opened his package of letters at his desk in the House of Representatives. The very first one was from a woman living in Posey county, Ind. She first declared that she was a good Democrat. Then came the statement that her husband about seven years ago ran away from her. "Wouldn't General Browne be good enough to step over to the census office and hunt him up?" The next letter was from a constituent who asked Mr. Browne to write a letter to the American minister at Rome to get him an Italian queen bee.

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Violets are the fashionable flowers of the winter.

Jackets with loose fronts are becoming to slender figures.

Jaunty black Astrakhan jackets are popular this season.

There are 948,000 more women than men in Great Britain.

High military collars are at least over an inch in width; often much wider.

Bands of gold embroidered or gauze ribbon are worn over the high dress collar.

Postillion bodices and long, full overdresses are the favorite styles for rough materials.

The new "shadow silk" has designs of vines casting shadows on a tinted, twilled ground.

Lace pins of delicate enamel represent tiny satin bows, with jeweled pin thrust through them.

Mrs. Diantha Jones, of Batavia, Mich., is in her 100th year, and has never needed spectacles.

According to the Philadelphia Press, 19,000 girls are now learning sewing at the public schools.

A statistician avers that the average man spends \$19 a year more for dress than the average woman.

Round brooches formed of coils of plain or nugget gold, sometimes enclosing a diamond, are novelties.

An enterprising local greenback paper of Booneville, Mo., is edited and published by Mrs. S. B. Thornton.

An effort will be made in the Washington Territorial legislature, now in session, to repeal the woman suffrage law.

Miss Jennie Flood, the daughter of the California millionaire, is said to have \$2,000,000 in her own right.

Two young women school teachers at Kingston, N. Y., are sharpshooters, and can snuff a candle at twenty yards.

Miss Adelaide Rudolph, a niece of Mrs. Garfield, has been elected Latin professor of the Kansas State university.

A woman made the first orange box in California, and has built up an industry in box making that amounts to 50,000 boxes a year.

One does not now often hear of "imported" wedding trousseaux. Domestic finery seems to be good enough for most modern brides.

Plush is used in combination with faille. The faille skirt has bands of plush round it and the plush bodice has a faille plastron.

Plastrons of velvet edged with lace and finished with loops of ribbons have turned over collars of the velvet trimmed with gold or silver braid.

Beaver muffs for children and young ladies are still in favor, but whole sets are more shown. Chinchilla, though expensive, is much worn.

Muffs to correspond with the military jackets are made in the form of a cartridge pouch and are ornamented with braid like that on the jackets.

Perfumed ribbon for millinery purposes is one of the novelties of the season. It must be used near the face, as warmth is required to call forth the bouquet.

A California girl has sold \$800 worth of feathers plucked from wild geese that she shot last fall. Several other girls out there have made nearly as much.

Fancy muffs are made of satin covered with perpendicular rows of wide frilled lace. Fans of lace and puffings of the satin finish the openings for the hands.

Miss Cleveland considers silk culture one of the safe supports open to women, and openly says she hopes the industry will be so established as to receive government aid.

A green satin evening dress, covered with gold net thickly studded with gold balls, is worn with a green satin jacket edged with gold balls and covered with rich gold embroidery.

A new wool lace, closely imitating crocheted or knitted material, which does not ravel when cut, is to be had by the yard. It may be utilized for scarfs, shawls or coverings for the head.

A young man recently, who got married, wanted to be photographed by proxy, because, he said, "My wife's folks never saw me, and if I send them my face they'll be dead against me."

"Ouida" has become the champion of the peasants of Europe, and in a public letter she calls upon the world to witness that the poor Italians "eat grass and wear one hemp shirt year after year."

Patti was almost overrun by beggars in Paris—not an uncommon experience in that city. In ten days the demands upon her, in person and by letter—for stated sums of cash—aggregated more than \$60,000.

Some of the new bodices have a double-breasted effect formed by a V-shaped vest with its double row of small buttons extending just below the bust line. Two very large buttons close the bodice from the waist line.

Many hospitals and curative institutions use only Red Star Cough Cure, for throat and lung troubles. It cures. Price, twenty-five cents. St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism.

An engineer, recently employed in Burmah, says the women were the best laborers to be found there.

MANY A POOR SUFFERER has expended hundreds of dollars in the purchase of costly medicines put up in "prescription" form for the cure of rheumatism or gout, and without any benefit. If all such would but drop drugs and attack blood impurities with VINEGAR BITTERS, they would find that nature had provided at least one remedy for these terrible afflictions.

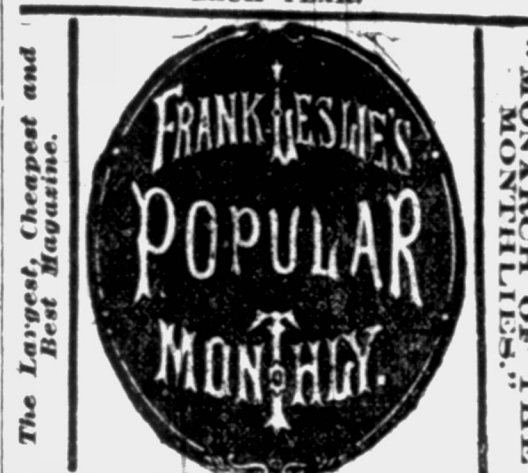
Gab is the expressive title of a new Ohio paper.

So unlike all others, after using the Hop Plover Plaster you will have no other kind. They possess real merit and never fail. Only 25c.

Lynn's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes from running over. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Drugists sell it. Sore eyes are cured by frequent small doses of Pilo's Cure for Consumption.

1,000,000 READERS EACH MONTH 1,000 PICTURES! 1,500 PAGES! EACH YEAR.



A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE IN EVERY NUMBER.

The Popular Monthly for 1896

Will be full of ATTRACTIVE FEATURES, which place it FAR ABOVE ALL COMPETITION. The success of THE POPULAR MONTHLY has been unprecedented, and is due to the excellence of the Literary and Artistic Departments, and the vast amount of interesting, entertaining and instructive matter it contains. For sale by all news-vendors, or by mail, 15 cents. Mrs. Frank Leslie, Publisher, N. Y.

N. Y. U-32

## VINEGAR BITTERS

is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system.

In Vinegar Bitters there is vitality but no alcohol or mineral poison. Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Vinegar Bitters always feverishness. It relieves, and in time cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and similar painful diseases.

Vinegar Bitters cures Constipation and prevents Diarrhea. Never before has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS to both of these things.

Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be read by every child and youth in the land.

Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees. R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 533 Washington St., N. Y.

\$3 FOR \$1.50

The attention of readers of First-class Story Papers is called to THE CHICAGO LEDGER, the largest Family Story Paper in the United States. It is issued every week, and each number contains eight large pages filled with hand-drawn illustrations. Complete and Continued Stories by the best American authors. Whitty Sayings by the most prominent humorous writers. Incidents and Anecdotes of the Late War, from the pens of old soldiers in both armies; the Latest Fashions; and other articles of interest to ladies, by highly intelligent lady contributors. And each original feature comprised in a First-class Family Story Paper.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER is now pronounced in every way equal to any of the \$3 Story Papers, and is sold for just one-half that price.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER has been published for fourteen years, and is no new venture. It is the Only Story Paper in the country that goes to its subscribers folded, pasted and trimmed so that readers can readily turn from one page to another, without unfolding the entire paper.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER will be mailed to any address for the year 1896 for One Dollar and Fifty Cents, postage paid. It is a Three Dollar paper in every particular, but will be sold for the year 1896 at one-half that sum, namely, One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER is For Sale by News-vendors, Postmasters and Subscription Agents throughout the United States.

Now is the time to subscribe. Send three cents in postage stamps for Sample Copy. Back Numbers will be mailed to any address when desired. Advertisers' rates and prices for THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 221 Franklin Street, Chicago, Ill.

## LEPAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

MENDS EVERYTHING. Wood, Leather, Paper, Iron, Glass, China, Furniture, Brick-A-Brac, Ac. Strong as Iron, Solid as a Rock. The actual quantity sold during the past five years amounts to over 32 MILLION bottles. EVERYBODY WANTS IT. TWO GOLD MEDALS. London, 1883. New Orleans, 1885. Pronounced Strongest, Glue known since the world began. Send for sample can FREE by mail. Rensselaer Chemical Co., Gloucester, Mass.

## Consumption Can Be Cured! DR. WM. HALL'S FOR THE LUNGS, BALSAM

Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, Inflamed and poisoned by Croup, Croup, and prevents the fatal, sweats and tightness across the chest which accompany Consumption in its incipient stages. HALL'S BALM will cure you, even though professional aid fails.

## FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Fraser Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y., & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

## GEN. GRANT'S MEMOIRS.

Special arrangement has been made for the sale of GEN. GRANT'S MEMOIRS, by the Fraser Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y., & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

## MITCHELL'S PERFECTED BELLADONNA.

Relieves all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that cold shiver between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

## Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.

Oral Use, 21-60; rectal, 50 cts.



## "A LAUGH IN EVERY LINE."

**HUMOROUS STORIES THAT ARE WORTH READING.**

**Quiet Neighbors—Very Thoughtful—Chasing a Duelist—Boys Scrapping an Acquaintance—That Sausage.**

"I have so much trouble with my neighbors," said Spook to a stranger the other day, "they are such persistent borrowers, such tattling gossips, and such critical fault-finding people there is no living with them."

"Well, that is strange," replied the stranger, "I have no trouble whatever with my neighbors."

"Don't they borrow?"

"No."

"Nor gossip?"

"No."

"Nor shoot your dog?"

"No."

"Well where do you live?"

"I'm a keeper of the cemetery. I live in a grave-yard."—*Lynn Union.*

**Very Thoughtful.**

When the youngest of the household slipped into the hall and saw Adolphus with his arms around Matilda, partaking of a gentle squeeze as a "good night," he simply yelled "Oh!" with a big O.

"What's the matter, Harry?" inquired the mother from an adjoining room.

The question was answered by Matilda, who said: "Oh, it's nothing; Adolphus merely had his arms around me."

"I am surprised at such conduct, Matilda. You should have repressed him."

"Oh, I did, mother," exclaimed Matilda. "I repressed him two or three times."—*National Weekly.*

**Chasing a Duelist.**

A good story about that eternal "duel" question in France comes from Bordeaux. Three years ago a young navy officer, having quarreled with a corn merchant of the town in a club, sent him his seconds on the following day.

"Gentleman," said the corn merchant, "I am quite willing to fight a duel with the lieutenant, but I do not think that our risks are equal. He is a bachelor, and I have three children. When he has three children, I shall be at his disposal." Lieutenant Caruzac was obstinate. A barber of the neighborhood had a pretty daughter. He immediately courted her, obtained her parents' consent, and married her in October, 1882.

Ten months later he was presented with a boy, and in 1884, the young officer was blessed with a daughter. At last, to his great joy, a third child was born three months ago. He lost no time. Taking his first two children in his arms and ordering the nurse to follow him with the baby, he called on the corn merchant.

"Well," said he to him in a triumphant tone, "we can fight now. I have three children." "Oh!" retorted his antagonist, "but I have five now."—*Tableau—Max Bell.*

**Boys Scrapping an Acquaintance.**

When two strange boys come together they proceed to get acquainted something after this fashion:

"What's yer name?"

"Tommy Crupper. What's yours?"

"Dickey Tabbits. What's your dad's name?"

"Ole Dan Crupper, an' the dog's name's Sniff. Iyer dog yaller?"

"Nope; he's spotted an' wears a collar. Got a knife to trade?"

"Yep; but I lost it. When I find it I'll swap you. Watchy read in?"

"Third reader. Luv trade hats."

"I dassent; my pup won't low me. My feet's the biggest."

"Well, I chawed backerker onest."

"That's nothin' I saw three dogs fighting at one time."

"I was in swimmin' six times in one day a'ready."

"I had two teeth pulled las' week."

"That's nothin'. I cut my finger most every day, an' my hired girl most burnt her head off las' night."

"That's no great sight. A robber broke into our house one time, an' my pap's got a brother in jail."

"Well, that isn't much. My ma's got a sister with a glass eye, an' our baby's got four teeth an' a lump on it's head what makes it cry all the time. Can your father play the fiddle?"

"Maybe I ain't got a brother who can turn a han' spring an' walk on stilts. Why don't you brag?"

"Who's a braggin'?" I wouldn't be a blowhard."

"Don't you call me that, or I'll—"

"You will, will you?"

"Yes, I will!"

"No, you won't?"

"I will!"

"You won't!"

"Will—will—will!"

"Won't—won't—won't!"

"Touch me if you dare."

"Don't you pucker your mouth at me or I'll smash yer nose."

"If I was a girl I'd wear a dress."

"Wait till I ketch you sometime an' I'll lick you till you can't walk."

"Put a chip on your shoulder an' I'll knock it off."

"No, you won't!"

"Yes, I will!"

"You won't either!"

"I will if you dare me to."

"Well, I dare you, an' anybody won't take a dare 'll steal sheep. There it is, smarty, and now let's see what you'll do."

The next instant both boys are rolling in the dust, pulling hair and trying to chew each other's ears. From this time on they consider themselves well acquainted, and take a friendly interest in each other. —*Washington Republic.*

**That Sausage.**

A clergyman in a Southern State was on his way to preach a funeral sermon. As he was passing the house of a widow lady, a member of his congregation, she ran out and stopped him, saying, "they had just slaughtered their hogs, she had put up a few pounds of sausage as a present, adding that, as she had put it up in double paper pockets, she thought it would not soil his clothes. He thanked her earnestly for her kindness, and rode on, having put the parcel in his pocket.

All the time he was officiating at the grave a large, half-starved hound kept sniffing around him, sometimes approaching alarmingly near, attracted by the scent of the fresh meat. As the deceased

was a man of some prominence, there was a considerable crowd collected, and great mourning and lamentation came from the family group; so no one paid any attention to the movements of the animal, but all noticed with concern—for he was beloved by his congregation—the great plop of the clergyman, and the beads of perspiration standing upon his brow, and they began to whisper to each other that Mr. H. must be ill.

After the interment they all proceeded to the church, where the funeral sermon was to be preached. Just before entering, Mr. H. turned round to ascertain the whereabouts of his tormentor, when lo! there he was, not far from him, but the crowd prevented him from approaching too closely. Just at this moment some one gave the poor creature a cruel kick, which sent him off howling. When the minister reached his pulpit—one of those old-fashioned affairs ascended by a short, steep flight of steps—he breathed more freely. He was just about to commence his duties when the sexton, a good old man, came noiselessly up the steps with a slip of paper in his hand, which he wished to give to the minister, but who was unnoticed by that gentleman, though seen by all the congregation. He gently twitched his coat to attract his attention. A thrill of horror passed over the unhappy preacher at the dreadful thought that the dog had entered unseen in the crowd, and was now about to take forcible possession of the sausage before the whole assemblage; so, hoping to drive him away, he kicked back cautiously but vigorously, and struck the old man in the breast, who rolled down the steps.

Seeing the look of surprise and alarm on the faces of the audience, he stammered out, with crimson face: "I must explain to you, my brethren, what must seem my impetuous conduct. A friend came out to me, as I was passing her house, with a small package of sausage for since I dismounted from my horse this old dog—pointing behind to the prostrate sexton, but without looking round—"has been following me, and at length came into the pulpit, and has been tugging at my coat, determined to get the sausage from my pocket."

At this moment the sexton, a little stunned and a little hurt, arose from the floor, and the minister at a glance took it all in, stared wildly at him, took a drink of water, turned very pale, and sat down, overwhelmed with consternation. —*Harper's Magazine.*

**Ready For Action.**

It is not perhaps, generally known that the captain of a man of war is ordered to keep his ship properly prepared for battle as well in time of peace as of war. Every evening before dark the quarters are cleared and every arrangement made for night battle, to prevent surprise by a better prepared enemy.

When at anchor in the harbor, especially at night, the ship is always prepared to repel any attempts of an enemy to board or attack with torpedoes or fireships. In addition to the daily and weekly drills and exercises, every three months the crew are exercised at night quarters, the time, of course, being kept secret by the captain, so that no preparations can be made beforehand, the exercises being intended to represent a surprise. In the dead of night, when only the officers of the watch and the sentries posted in the various parts of the ship are awake, the notes of a bugle vibrate between the decks.

Immediately, as if by magic, everything becomes alive; men are seen scrambling out of their hammocks and lights flash in all directions; the huge shells are lifted by hydraulic power from the magazines, placed on trucks and wheeled by means of railways to the turrets; men run here and there with rifles, boarding pikes, axes, cases of powder and ammunition; others are engaged laying fire-hose along the decks, others closing the water-tight doors, while far down below the engineers, stokers and firemen are busy getting up steam for working the electric light engines, turrets, etc. At the torpedo ports the trained torpedo men are placing the Whiteheads in their tubes, others are preparing gun cotton for boom torpedoes. In ten minutes, however, all is again silent, and each man stands at his station ready for action.

The captain followed by his principal officers, now walks around the quarters and inspects all the arrangements for battle, after which various exercises are gone through. A bugle sounds, and numbers of men rush away to certain parts of the ship to repel imaginary boarders; another bugle, and a large party immediately commences to work the pumps; another low, long, blast is a warning that the ship is about to ram an enemy, and every man on board stretches himself flat on the decks until the shock of the (supposed) collision takes place. After a number of exercises have been gone through the guns are secured, arms and stores returned to their places, the men tumble into their hammocks again, and are soon fast asleep. —*Chambers' Journal.*

**Horsesteak.**

The consumption of horseflesh in Paris is considerable and of ancient date, and it may be viewed as having become a necessity. Though donkey meat still has the call, we were scarcely prepared to learn from M. Decroix that mule tastes better than horse, or that the young foal of the horse is equal to veal. It may be that we lag suspicious behind the age in this matter, but the old camel, as some electric glutton or other has called the stomach, still rebels against such dishes as horsesteak. For horsesteak (bifteck) au naturel, a prime piece of meat must be selected—either the fillet or the undercut—otherwise it will be tough and tasteless. If an ordinary joint only is to be had the steak should be steeped for two or three days in horse oil or vinegar. Cook and serve as a bifteck. —*Saturday Review.*

**"Time."**

Time is tireless,  
Day and night;  
Wait for no one  
In their flight.  
You have not  
The time to tell,  
One and all,  
The goods you sell.  
But must find  
Some quicker way  
To make known  
Your grand display.  
Busy merchants  
Advertise  
In our sheet,  
And they are wise.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is said that the medical examiners of the boys who were candidates for the place of apprentices in the navy found that nearly all suffered from heart trouble or imperfect eyesight, caused by smoking cigarettes.

In certain Austrian coal mines work is suspended in dangerous places during a fall of the barometer, experiments still in progress having shown that the quantity and intensity of explosive gases greatly increase as the atmospheric pressure diminishes.

Water pipes of paper have been satisfactorily tested by Dr. D. Lewis, a pipe 1,000 feet long and two inches in diameter having been used for several years without leaking or imparting taste to the water. Wound into pipe form and soaked in tar, the paper becomes nearly as hard and strong as iron.

Picture frames are now made with a composition of paper pulp, glue, linseed oil, and whiting. The ingredients are mixed and heated to the consistency of thick cream. After the mixture is cooled it is poured into suitable molds where it is allowed to harden. The frames, when removed from the molds, are gilt or bronzed in the usual manner.

Spiders have been found by Dr. C. Keller, of Zurich, to be voracious destroyers of plant preying insects, and he contends that they play a more effective part in the preservation of forests than all the insect eating birds together. The value of the service rendered by spiders has been shown by observations on coniferous trees, a few broad leaved trees, and apple trees.

The use of compressed paper for car wheels and other articles is rapidly extending. In Breslau lately a factory chimney fifty feet high has been made of paper. The material is made in blocks joined by salicaceous cement. Compressed in this way the paper is said to become fireproof. Even a row of large books compactly placed together are said to be very difficult to destroy altogether by fire.

Ozone, supposed to be a very active form of oxygen, has been thought to exert so beneficial an influence that an increase in the atmosphere's proportion—which rarely averages more than one part in 700,000—has been hailed as a token of a particularly healthful climatic state. Flowering plants—especially the odoriferous kinds—and scented foliage have been pronounced of hygienic value because they generate ozone. A rather surprising announcement, therefore, is that of Dr. Daniel Draper's supposed discovery that ozone produces pneumonia, but it seems quite probable that the gas which so powerfully destroys organic impurities may be proven by further research to act as an irritant of the lungs.

The investigation made by the Prussian Firearm Commission to ascertain the causes of explosions in mines shows among other things that many explosions attributed to fireamp, or outbursts of gas, are really due to the fine coal dust in mines. It appears that all kinds of dust are capable of exploding violently when ignited by such means as the electric spark, and that the explosion extends much further with coal dust than with fireamp. The experiments relative to this inflammability of coal dust are stated to have been devised as nearly as possible in accordance with the conditions prevailing in practice, and were carried on at the Koenig mines, Neunruehen, Sarrebruck. A gallery, or drift, driven from the surface, was chosen as the place for treating the dust, means being also provided for keeping the particles in a state of violent agitation by currents of air. To provoke ignition of the dust, the electric spark was made use of, a means that is far from furnishing that volume of flame found by the French experimenters to be necessary to explode coal dust. The tests were many times repeated, more than two hundred times in all, explosions occurring in every case.

**Where Tornadoes Begin.**

The most remarkable and interesting feature of the development of tornadoes is the fact that they nearly always form southeast of a moving center of low pressure and their tracks, scattered here and there, conform closely to the progressive direction of the main storm. For example, on February 19, 1884, forty-four tornadoes occurred in Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina, but principal in Georgia and Alabama. They developed at a distance of from five hundred to two thousand miles from a storm center that moved across the northern extremity of the Rocky mountains in Montana, thence southeasterly through Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin to Northern Illinois and Indiana, northward through Michigan across Lake Huron, disappearing north of Quebec. This sudden sharp turn of the storm-center southward into Illinois and Indiana seems to have a relation to the unprecedentedly large number of tornadoes that developed not far from the South Atlantic coast, extending inland as far as Southern Illinois and Indiana. This southward lunge of a mass of cold, moist air seems to have caused the abnormal conditions of temperature and dew-point, and the high winds necessary to cause the most tremendous exhibition of destructive tornado-power ever recorded by the signal service. This invariable location southeast of the storm-center is one of the main peculiarities of tornado developments, upon which the predictions depend. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

**The Man of Knowledge and the Old Demure.**

There was a man of knowledge deep commanding, who knew a heap, a man who would die day and night and hardly sleep the time to sleep.

This man so old he knew a maid; demure, afraid to smile, dismayed, shy as the nymph of olden times sequestered in some sylvi shade.

This maid so old with golden hair and modest air, so bonafide, she charmed this man of leered lore and caught him in her witching snare.

This man of thought and learned lore, his hair he had and o'er and o'er, he loudly swore that he would cherish her for aye and he would love her ever more.

Now they are wed in holy bonds among his books he kneels he croons, and sees his wife so old now that he's forgotten how he looks.

The wife to whom he man before so loudly swore he would adore for evermore, lives with her mother and declares her husband is a real bore. —*Lynn Union.*

## THE FACES OF CRIMINALS.

**FILED AWAY IN NEW YORK'S 'ROGUES' GALLERY.'**

**How Rogues' Features are Seized and Held by the Camera—Disguises and Distortions.**

A New York Herald reporter has been visiting the "Rogues' Gallery," at police headquarters. A detective said to the scribe:

"There are people who look at the pictures and say: 'Of what good can these twisted and unnatural faces be? Were their owners met in the streets their countenances would be composed. They would be altogether free of these distortions, by which they have tried to cheat the purpose of the police in photographing them. No one would know them then.' Well, that is all wrong. The very cleverest hands at preparing a false physiognomy for the camera have made their grimaces in vain. The sun has been too quick for them, and has imprisoned the lines of the profile and the features and caught the expression before it could be disguised. There is not a portrait here but has some marked characteristic by which you can identify the man who sat for it. That is what has to be studied in the Rogues' Gallery—detail. A general idea of the looks of a person derived from one of these pictures may be very misleading. The person himself will try to make it so by altering his appearance. He can grow or shave off a beard or mustache, he can change the color of either, he may become full-faced or lantern-jawed in time. But the skilled detective knows all this and looks for distinguished marks peculiar to his subject. You understand me. It was a forehead drew your attention. The lines of the forehead would probably be a detective's study in that burglar's case. It did not matter much what disguise he assumed. That feature would remain a tell-tale."

"Have detectives frequently succeeded in singling out by their portraits men who have tried to deceive the camera?"

"Quite frequently. The very men who have gone to the most trouble to make their pictures useless have been betrayed by them. Look at Dutch Heinrich's there."

He pointed at the shaggy head looking from a frame, with the mouth distended, the eyes puckered up, and a clownish grin on the countenance that somehow suggested some of Joe Emmet's lithographs in "Fritz."

"That is utterly unlike the look Heinrichs, the burglar, wore in everyday life. He gave the people here quite a time, too, when he was taken, and he believed that he had made his portrait of no use as a means of identification; but the forehead, the nose and the general contour of the face he could not disguise, and by that same picture he was recognized and arrested. There was 'Pete' Luther, or 'Banjo Pete' as they called him. He cut up a good deal and fixed his face for the sitting, but Inspector Byrnes got the rights of the picture and arrested 'Banjo' in Philadelphia. You see that picture of 'Snatch 'Em'?"

This alias was inscribed under a comical bunch of features that were the face of Meyer Stult, the bank sneak thief. The cheeks were blown out, the eyes were shut fast, the mouth was pouting and the forehead wrinkled. It seemed hard to fancy what they would look like in their natural shape.

"Stult is a rather flashy and elegant fellow, and doesn't cut any such monkey shines with his mug in society. But for all that he was given away by his portrait in spite of all his trouble. 'Pop' Tighe, over there, with his phiz screwed up like a nut cracker, thought he could play the sneak without any one getting onto him from that likeness. But he made a mistake, like the rest. So did 'Bill' Vosburg, and even 'Jim' Reynolds, who is grinning down from the corner there, with his head away back and his features all distorted, could not get the best of the sun, and the camera caught enough of him to satisfy his victims."

"Then the pictures must not be considered merely as portraits when a criminal is to be identified by them?"

"In some cases they are quite sufficient. You see there is not much of that old dodge of distorting the features attempted nowadays. When we have a man dead to rights, he knows that his portrait in some shape or other must be added to the gallery, and he is shown that it is absurd to try and defeat the purposes of justice. That makes him resigned to his fate, and all our recent artistic acquisitions are good ones. Inspector Byrnes has made it a point to have the best we could get, for of late photography has been an invaluable aid to the police. In the Federal service and in all the big cities they are following our example. But this is probably the most complete criminal directory in the country. I say in some cases, because there are numbers of instances where a criminal appears in public under circumstances far different from those under which he is brought here. There are scores of men and women whose appearance in the streets gives no hint to their character. Deception is their business, and they have to study its arts carefully. It is true there are criminals brought here who, even in sitting for a photograph in the Rogues' Gallery, show a weakness to appear to advantage. I have seen women especially whose vanity cropped out the moment the muzzle of the camera was turned on them. But that is infrequent, and you must look for the faces you see here in other shapes and with other accompaniments when you catch sight of them in public."

"Is physiognomy any guide to identify criminals?"

"A very poor one. Judge for yourself. Look through the pictures in the Rogues' Gallery, and see how many pictures you find there who resemble the best people in the country. Why, you can find some of them, I dare say, sufficiently like personal acquaintances to mistake one for the other. By the by, this is no uncommon occurrence, and the more you consider it the more readily you will come to appreciate how easy it is for a detective to pick up the wrong man. Time and again I have seen victims of thieves when called upon in court to identify a prisoner seated among a number of outsiders pick out his captors, or a court clerk, or a reporter as the offender."

A human life is lost for every 50,000 tons of coal mined in the anthracite regions.

## THE FACES OF CRIMINALS.

**FILED AWAY IN NEW YORK'S 'ROGUES' GALLERY.'**

**How Rogues' Features are Seized and Held by the Camera—Disguises and Distortions.**

A New York Herald reporter has been visiting the "Rogues' Gallery," at police headquarters. A detective said to the scribe:

"There are people who look at the pictures and say: 'Of what good can these twisted and unnatural faces be? Were their owners met in the streets their countenances would be composed. They would be altogether free of these distortions, by which they have tried to cheat the purpose of the police in photographing them. No one would know them then.' Well, that is all wrong. The very cleverest hands at preparing a false physiognomy for the camera have made their grimaces in vain. The sun has been too quick for them, and has imprisoned the lines of the profile and the features and caught the expression before it could be disguised. There is not a portrait here but has some marked characteristic by which you can identify the man who sat for it. That is what has to be studied in the Rogues' Gallery—detail. A general idea of the looks of a person derived from one of these pictures may be very misleading. The person himself will try to make it so by altering his appearance. He can grow or shave off a beard or mustache, he can change the color of either, he may become full-faced or lantern-jawed in time. But the skilled detective knows all this and looks for distinguished marks peculiar to his subject. You understand me. It was a forehead drew your attention. The lines of the forehead would probably be a detective's study in that burglar's case. It did not matter much what disguise he assumed. That feature would remain a tell-tale."

"Have detectives frequently succeeded in singling out by their portraits men who have tried to deceive the camera?"

"Quite frequently. The very men who have gone to the most trouble to make their pictures useless have been betrayed by them. Look at Dutch Heinrich's there."

He pointed at the shaggy head looking from a frame, with the mouth distended, the eyes puckered up, and a clownish grin on the countenance that somehow suggested some of Joe Emmet's lithographs in "Fritz."

"That is utterly unlike the look Heinrichs, the burglar, wore in everyday life. He gave the people here quite a time, too, when he was taken, and he believed that he had made his portrait of no use as a means of identification; but the forehead, the nose and the general contour of the face he could not disguise, and by that same picture he was recognized and arrested. There was 'Pete' Luther, or 'Banjo Pete' as they called him. He cut up a good deal and fixed his face for the sitting, but Inspector Byrnes got the rights of the picture and arrested 'Banjo' in Philadelphia. You see that picture of 'Snatch 'Em'?"

This alias was inscribed under a comical bunch of features that were the face of Meyer Stult, the bank sneak thief. The cheeks were blown out, the eyes were shut fast, the mouth was pouting and the forehead wrinkled. It seemed hard to fancy what they would look like in their natural shape.

"Stult is a rather flashy and elegant fellow, and doesn't cut any such monkey shines with his mug in society. But for all that he was given away by his portrait in spite of all his trouble. 'Pop' Tighe, over there, with his phiz screwed up like a nut cracker, thought he could play the sneak without any one getting onto him from that likeness. But he made a mistake, like the rest. So did 'Bill' Vosburg, and even 'Jim' Reynolds, who is grinning down from the corner there, with his head away back and his features all distorted, could not get the best of the sun, and the camera caught enough of him to satisfy his victims."

"Then the pictures must not be considered merely as portraits when a criminal is to be identified by them?"

"In some cases they are quite sufficient. You see there is not much of that old dodge of distorting the features attempted nowadays. When we have a man dead to rights, he knows that his portrait in some shape or other must be added to the gallery, and he is shown that it is absurd to try and defeat the purposes of justice. That makes him resigned to his fate, and all our recent artistic acquisitions are good ones. Inspector Byrnes has made it a point to have the best we could get, for of late photography has been an invaluable aid to the police. In the Federal service and in all the big cities they are following our example. But this is probably the most complete criminal directory in the country. I say in some cases, because there are numbers of instances where a criminal appears in public under circumstances far different from those under which he is brought here. There are scores of men and women whose appearance in the streets gives no hint to their character. Deception is their business, and they have to study its arts carefully. It is true there are criminals brought here who, even in sitting for a photograph in the Rogues' Gallery, show a weakness to appear to advantage. I have seen women especially whose vanity cropped out the moment the muzzle of the camera was turned on them. But that is infrequent, and you must look for the faces you see here in other shapes and with other accompaniments when you catch sight of them in public."

"Is physiognomy any guide to identify criminals?"

"A very poor one. Judge for yourself. Look through the pictures in the Rogues' Gallery, and see how many pictures you find there who resemble the best people in the country. Why, you can find some of them, I dare say, sufficiently like personal acquaintances to mistake one for the other. By the by, this is no uncommon occurrence, and the more you consider it the more readily you will come to appreciate how easy it is for a detective to pick up the wrong man. Time and again I have seen victims of thieves when called upon in court to identify a prisoner seated among a number of outsiders pick out his captors, or a court clerk, or a reporter as the offender."

A human life is lost for every 50,000 tons of coal mined in the anthracite regions.

**Said Aaron to Moses.**

Let's cut off our noses.

Aaron must have been a sufferer from catarrh. The desperation which catarrh produces is often sufficient to make people say and do many rash things and many continue suffering just as if no cure save Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy existed. It cures every case from the simplest to the most complicated, and all the consequences of catarrh. A person once cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will not be apt to take cold again, as it leaves the mucous membranes healthy and strong. By druggists.

On Roberts Island, on the Pacific coast, a 400-acre crop of peat is burning fiercely.

"I Don't Know What Ails Me."

says many a sufferer. "I have the 'blues' frightfully; I am troubled with headache and dizziness; I have lost my appetite; there is a bad taste in my mouth constantly. What is the matter with me? We will tell you: you are 'bilious.' Get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' use it faithfully, and you will soon be a new man again. All druggists have it.

A second crop of ripe strawberries has just been exhausted in Grass Valley, Cal.

Use the surest remedy for catarrh. Dr. Sage's.

There were nineteen deaths from hydrophobia in London during 1885.

**Ancient Carriages.**

There is evidence that the use of certain kinds of carriages dates from a very remote antiquity.

When Pharaoh advanced Joseph to the second place in Egypt "he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had;" and later, Joseph, by command of the king sent wagons out of the land of Egypt to convey Jacob and my mother has been afflicted with Bronchitis for about 20 years, and very bad at times. She is using Piso's Cure for Consumption, and it gives her more relief than anything she has ever taken.

J. H. CARLETON.

Union Centre, Ill., March 8, 1885.

his whole family to the land of his adoption.

There at this early period there were two distinct types of carriage in use among the civilized inhabitants of Egypt—a country which from its level character presented facilities for the development of this species of conveyance.

The use of chariots in Egypt and among the early nations generally was reserved for rulers and warlike leaders.

It was among the Romans that the use of carriages as a private conveyance was first established, and with that people carriages attained great variety of form as well as richness of ornamentation. At all times the employment of carriages depended greatly on the condition of the roads over which they had to be driven, and the establishment of good roads, such as the Appian Way, constructed 331 B.C. and others, greatly facilitated the development of carriage traveling among the Romans. In Rome itself, and probably also in other large towns, it was necessary to restrict traveling in carriages to a few persons of high rank, owing to the narrowness and crowded state of the streets.

It is dangerous to tamper with irritating liquids and exciting stimuli. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant and is easily applied with the finger. It cures the worst cases of Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Hay Fever, giving relief from the first application. All druggists have it. Price 50 cents. By mail 60 cents. Ely Bros., Oswego, N.Y.

**Chronic Catarrh.** The result of 25 years' catarrh—the bridge, or division of my nose, was about half gone. I obtained a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm; have used four bottles, applying it to the affected parts with a swab, which has about cured up the nostrils. I had previously tried all other remedies on the market without permanent relief.—J. A. Wood, 96 N. High Street, Columbus, Ohio.

I find Ely's Cream Balm good for Catarrh of long standing.—M. N. Lasley, 1864 West Chestnut Street, Louisville, Ky.

**MENSTRUATION.** PETITIONED BEET TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making force, generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.



TO THE PUBLIC:—In soliciting the patronage of the people of Arlington and vicinity, we do so with the assurance that we can save them fully 10 per cent. on any article in our entire stock which comprises Boys' Full Suits and Boys' School Pants in all grades; also a fine assortment of MEN'S and BOYS' HATS AND CAPS, which we will sell at bottom prices. Our Stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods is now complete and we can UNDERSELL any and all would-be competitors in this line of Goods, and **Travelling Trunks and Packing Trunks** in all sizes at less than Boston prices. Our LAUNDRY WORK gives perfect satisfaction and is increasing daily. Give it a trial.

P. S.—Our stock of Dry Goods in Swan's Block is complete as usual.

**I. E. ROBINSON, Bank Block, Arlington.**

## Subscription Renewals are now in order.

**LYMAN LAWRENCE,**  
DEALER IN  
**Builders' & Carpenters' Hardware,**  
**Saddlery Ware, etc.,**  
**SMITH'S BLOCK, - - LEXINGTON, MASS.**

PRICES ACCORDING TO BOSTON STANDARD.  
It is needless to go to Boston and then pay express on goods that can be bought as cheaply here. Personal attention to

**Harness Making and Repairing**  
In all its branches and satisfaction guaranteed. 27nov17

**BOSTON BRANCH**  
**Tea and Grocery House,**  
MAIN STREET, - - LEXINGTON.

**\$6.50**  
Buys a Barrel of any of the best brands of HAXALL FLOUR in the market, including

Archibald's, Washburn's, Corrugated, Pillsbury's, and SUPERLATIVE.

**\$6.50. \$6.50.**

At the Boston Branch, Lexington.  
A discount of 25 cents a barrel will be allowed to those teaming their own Flour.

**C. C. MANN, Proprietor.**

**Leonard A. Saville,**  
**GROCEER,**  
MAIN STREET, - - LEXINGTON, MASS.

**ANOTHER REDUCTION IN FLOUR!**  
**\$6.50 BUYS A BARREL OF THE BEST!**

NEW RAISINS, NEW CURRANTS, NEW CITRON, NEW FIGS,  
NEW PRUNES, NEW GOODS FOR THANKSGIVING, NEW GOODS FOR CHRISTMAS, NEW GOODS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

OF THE BEST QUALITY AND LOWEST PRICES!

**VETERINARY SURGEON.**

**HARRY L. ALDERMAN,**  
Graduate of the American Veterinary College of N. Y. City.

Can be consulted upon the diseases of Domestic Animals and Veterinary Surgery at residence or hospital.

**EAST LEXINGTON.**  
TELEPHONE 8830. POST OFFICE BOX 1. 16oct17

**C. P. WEBSTER,**  
**PLUMBER**

and Sanitary Engineer,  
Shop under L. A. Saville's Store, Lexington.

Jobbing promptly attended to.

**FRESH OYSTERS**

—AT—  
**JACKSON'S MARKET.**

In addition to my stock of

**Meats, Provisions, etc.**

I will supply customers with FRESH OYSTERS direct from Boston market.

Every thing in the store is meant to be first-class in every way, at fair prices.

16oct17. **GEO. H. JACKSON.**

**Chicago and Alton R. R.**

The Through Freight and Passenger Route And Short Line to

Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, etc. Colorado and California, business specialties. For rates and full information, apply to

**H. G. LOCKE, N. E. Agent,**  
197 Washington Street, Boston.

**THE MILD POWER CURES—**  
**HUMPHREYS'**

In the 30 years' Special Prescriptions of an eminent Physician—Special, Safe and Sure—Cures. PRICE.

1. Fever, Congestion, Inflammation... 25c  
2. Crying Cough, or Croup of Infants... 25c  
3. Diarrhea of Children or Adults... 25c  
4. Dysentery, Cholera, Bilious Colic... 25c  
5. Cholera Morbus, Vomiting... 25c  
6. Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis... 25c  
7. Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatism... 25c  
8. Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo... 25c

**HOMEOPATHIC**

10. Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach... 25c  
11. Suppressed or Painful Periods... 25c  
12. Whites, too Profuse Periods... 25c  
13. Crampy Cough, Difficult Breathing... 25c  
14. Salt Rheum, Scabies, Eruptions... 25c  
15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains... 25c  
16. Nervous Aching, Chills, Malaria... 25c  
17. Piles, Blind or Bleeding... 25c  
18. Catarrh, Inflammation, Cold in the Head... 25c  
19. Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs... 25c  
20. General Debility, Physical Weakness... 25c  
21. Kidney Disease... 25c  
22. Verrucae, Warts... 25c  
23. Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed... 25c  
24. Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation... 1.00

**SPECIFICS.**

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price—Dr. Humphreys' Book on Diseases, richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Address, HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St., New York.

BLANK NOTES, RECEIPTS, GIFT CERTIFICATES, etc., in all languages, for sale at this office singly or by the hundred.

Results of Local Reporter's Work IN LEXINGTON.

—At the last meeting of the Juvenile Debating Club, which was held in one of the recreation rooms of the High school building, the subject for the evening's debate was the Chinese problem. Those taking an active part in the discussion were Brown and Adams in the affirmative and Hamlin and Burnham in the negative. At the close of a most interesting debate a vote was taken on the merits of the question, which was decidedly in the negative; a vote was then cast for the merits of the debate and this vote was in the affirmative, this side making a strong argument in favor of the Chinese. The club wish to return thanks to the Lexington Debating Club for twenty of their copies of their rules and Constitution and also to the school committee for the use of the High School room in which to hold their debates.

TO LET, HOUSE on BEDFORD street, Lexington, to be let, in good repair. 5w GERSHOM SWAN.

**PARTIES**

Either small social parties, or dancing parties, or sleighing parties in the season. Entertained at the

**Russell House, Lexington.**  
In the most acceptable manner. This house is noted for the excellence of its table.

JAMES F. RUSSELL, Proprietor.  
P. O. Box 40, Lexington. 9oct

**Millinery at Reduced Prices**

AT THE  
**LEXINGTON**

**MILLINERY STORE**

**Fancy Goods**

In Great Variety, at the Lowest Boston Prices.

An experienced Milliner in attendance at all times. Mrs. C. M. McFILLIE, 25sep17. Mrs. S. BULLOCK.

**H. K. KING,**

**NEWSDEALER,**

Lexington, adjoining Town Hall.

**BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY,**

**BREAD AND CAKE,**

**FRUIT.**

AGENTS FOR THE CAMBRIDGE LAUNDRY.

**CHARLES T. WEST,**

**INSURANCE AGENT,**

Office at W. A. Peirce's Coal Yard.

Insurance effected in Mutual and Stock Companies as desired. Personal attention to all kinds of insurance business.

**MISS FLORENCE A. RICE,**

Teacher of the Piano Forte,

Will now resume lessons.

TERMS:—10 lessons, one each week, \$6.00; 20 lessons, two each week, \$10.00.

Endorsed by Prof. JOHN ORTH, Prof. J. K. PARKS, Rev. E. G. PORTER.

Address, WOBURN, MASS. 18sep17

**WM. A. KANDAL,**

**Upholsterer & Decorator,**

MUZZEY STREET, NEAR MAIN.

Upholstering, Decorating, Scotch Holland Shades in all styles and colors, to order. Draperies and Decorations made and hung. Carpets made and laid. Mattresses and all kinds of Bedding made new and made over. Furniture upholstered and repaired.

Lexington, Oct. 6, 1885.

**WILLARD WALCOTT,**

**Boarding and Livery Stable,**

**MONUMENT HOUSE,**

Main Street, - - Lexington.

Special conveniences for BOARDING HORSES and the best of care guaranteed.

—The meeting of the ladies' sewing circle of the Baptist church occurs next Wednesday afternoon.

—Mr. Clark, the former police officer, was in town Monday afternoon and was pleasantly greeted by his many friends.

—Rev. Mr. Fuller, of Hyannis, Mass., will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist church on Sunday next.

—The tax collector, Mr. C. T. West, advertises the property of delinquent tax payers in to-day's paper. Now is the accepted time to pay up.

—The entertainment by the amusement committee set down for next Thursday evening, has been postponed till Friday evening, Jan. 22.

—Rev. Mr. Staples will deliver an address at the Concord Reformatory on Sunday afternoon. In the evening Mr. Staples will take charge of the service at the Bedford Unitarian church.

—We are glad to be able to congratulate the Baptist church on their success in obtaining a new Henry F. Miller four-hundred dollar piano.

—At a trial of the force of the water of the hydrant in front of the Centennial House this week, a stream was thrown into the air ten feet higher than the eagle perched on the tower.

—On the first Sunday after Epiphany the services in the chapel of Our Redeemer will be as follows: at 8 a. m., celebration of holy communion; at 10.45 a. m., morning prayer and sermon; at 7.30 p. m., evening prayer and sermon.

—One of the handsomest calendars we have yet received for the opening year is that issued by Mr. M. H. Merriam, who has been busily forwarding the same the past week, to his patrons and friends. It is of quite large size and has a handsomely colored print.

—The week of prayer has been religiously observed, as usual, at the Baptist church the past week. Meetings have been held every evening, either in the church or at private residences, and we understand that the attendance has been very good.

—Miss Willington, the librarian of Cary Library, has been quite ill the past few weeks and unable to discharge her duties in this capacity. She is now able to be out and in a short time will resume her customary place. Miss Wheeler has acted as substitute in a satisfactory manner during the librarian's absence.

—There will be a circuit meeting in the Unitarian church in Bedford, Sunday evening, at seven o'clock. The subject is "Helps to personal religion." and Revs. C. A. Staples, and W. H. Braugan, of East Lexington, J. P. Forbes, of Arlington, C. C. Hussey, of Billerica, and Grindall Reynolds, of Concord, will speak. All are cordially invited.

—Tuesday being the seventy-fifth birthday of Rev. Dr. Hamlin, his relatives and many friends made it an occasion to make him a call and offer their congratulations. Among many of the pleasant things remarked was the lightness with which the years had passed over his head, and although living for almost all his life been a most active worker, this birthday finds him still strong and vigorous and doing any good work that may come to his hands.

—At a special communication of Simon W. Robinson Lodge, J. & A. M., held on Monday evening, Jan. 4, the following named officers were installed for the ensuing year, by R. W. A. E. Scott, P. D. D. G. M.:—Quincy B. Knell, Jr., W. M.; Chas. T. West, S. W.; Geo. E. Muzzey, J. W.; Walter Wellington, Treas.; George H. Cutter, Secy.; J. E. Tufts, Chaplin; Louis E. Crone, Marshal; James E. Crone, S. D.; Alfred Peirce, J. D.; H. A. Munroe, S. S.; George I. Bailey, J. S.; Willard Walcott, I. S.; John McKinnon, Tyler.

—We have received from George Stinson & Co., of Portland, Me., the well-known Art Publishers, a magnificent, full length, steel engraving of General Grant. It is after Anderson's celebrated photograph, which was made while the general was still in full vigor, and represents him in his sturdy, manly length, as the people wish to remember him. It is, undoubtedly, the best portrait ever made of the General. Messrs. Stinson & Co. are in need of agents for several important, popular, new publications, and offer inducements that should be heeded by those in need of suitable work; those who write to them will receive free and full particulars.

—Monday evening, at the First Parish church, was given the first lecture in the lecture course and it proved one of the most entertaining lectures ever given at this church. By some mistake, the lecturer, Rev. Francis Tiffany, brought the second lecture put down for him in the

programme instead of the first, but this makes no difference materially, as he will deliver the one put down for this occasion at his next lecture. The subject for the evening was "The island of Capri and the Bay of Naples," and this suggestive title was most charmingly described and made more familiar to the audience by Mr. Tiffany.

—The roads and side walks have been in a very bad state the past week. In places it has been almost impossible to get about, especially off of the Main street and even on the main street, in places, it was almost as bad. A few loads of gravel used with discretion on the walks would be a decided improvement.

—The Episcopal church now building is progressing as rapidly as possible. The foundation, which is of field stone, is nearly completed and we expect soon to see a superstructure, which is to be of wood, assume form and show us what manner of structure it is to be. Its site, on the corner of Merriam and Oakland streets, is a most pleasant one and we have no doubt that before many years it will be as thickly populated as the main street. It is one of the most desirable localities in Lexington to build on.

—There has been a great deal of talk and high words about the streets the past week of a claimed assault case by one of our police officers. We see no evidence of anything to cause so much talk, and this is no doubt so, as the abused parties have not obtained, as yet, a warrant for any arrest. If the officer has done wrong he will of course be punished, but it appears to us as though he was trying to discharge his duties thoroughly, and that is what he is hired for.

—Last Sunday afternoon, while riding in Arlington, Mr. Gershom Swan met with a painful accident which will probably confine him to the house for some days. While mounting a hill leading to his brother Henry's residence in that town, the horse was probably frightened in some way and suddenly made a sharp turn, overthrowing the carryall and spilling Mr. Swan and his son and two nieces violently onto the ground, Mr. Swan sustaining a broken rib. The others of the party fortunately escaped with some bruises only. The vehicle was greatly damaged. After the damage was done the horse was quietly secured.

—At the annual meeting of the Hancock church, on Monday evening, the business of the year was closed up and officers chosen for the ensuing year. The church is in a flourishing condition, having a church membership of one hundred and fourteen, there being quite an increase the past year. It is gratifying to announce that the sum of twelve hundred dollars has been realized from the weekly offering system the past year, and there is no doubt that great good has resulted therefrom. The officers of the organization are as follows: Geo. E. Muzzey, clerk; Geo. W. Berry, deacon; J. L. Norris, church committee-man; Frank E. Tufts, S. S. superintendent; Oscar F. Patch, librarian; M. H. Merriam, B. C. Whitchee, L. J. Wing, music committee.

—The improvements and furnishings inaugurated in the High school building, are rapidly reaching completion. The old recreation rooms, in the second story, have been thrown into one large room and fitted up with all necessary appliances, to be used as a laboratory, and which will meet a long felt want. The new rooms at the rear have entrances on either side of the building, the west side to be for the use of the girls and that of the east for the boys. They are furnished with set bowls and dressing rooms and, in fact, are made convenient in every way. The rooms are light and airy and doubly attractive from being new and fitted to the use and convenience of the school. The furnishings are those of the usual school room, only varied to meet the requirements for which each is intended. We congratulate the school on their greatly improved quarters, and the town for furnishing this long felt need in the way of additional room and facilities for carrying on the educational work of our High School, which work, thanks to the present principal, has been raised to a most satisfactory standard.

—The New Year party given by the pastor of the Hancock church, Rev. E. G. Porter, to his friends and society, seems, by the large numbers always attending, to include the entire town, so many friends has the pastor and the society. The Town Hall was engaged for the party of last Friday evening, and the tables for the supper were arranged down the right side of the hall and presented a striking and handsome appearance, set with tempting viands, the beauty being enhanced by numerous candles in brass candlebrases. The most attractive picture of all was presented when the shall wee ones had donned their bon-bon caps, and indeed

it was a most happy time for them. The large table space was filled three times, and the large number of four hundred guests, it is estimated, were entertained.

It was a delightful social event with which to open the New Year, and the large number present seemed to enter heartily into the festivities of the occasion. After the supper had been disposed of a pleasing entertainment was given made up of a programme very pleasing to the children. The entertainment was given by a number of children of various ages who were from one of the charitable homes of Boston, and they rendered their solos, duets and choruses in a delightful manner and succeeded in entertaining the whole company.

—A most pleasing Sunday school exercise was presented at the Christmas concert of the Baptist church on Sunday evening last. The subject of the exercise was "Ring again, ye Christmas bells," and consisted of alternate singing and recitation, and delightfully carried out by the scholars of the school. A quartette rendered several appropriate selections, and Miss Fergusson and Miss Wilkins gave recitations, and a solo, "One sweetly solemn thought," was beautifully rendered. The chorus by the school, in which the accompaniment was by the piano and triangle, was especially pretty, and in all the parts taken by the children there was evidence of careful study to make the affair as successful and enjoyable as possible. Dr. Raymond, the newly elected superintendent of the school, made some most timely and appropriate remarks, and the officiating pastor, Rev. E. E. Atkinson, in a short address, showed the lesson to be drawn from the exercise.

—The police officers whose efforts have been instrumental in bringing to trial the persons implicated in the destruction of books and other property in the school house on Concord hill, now some time ago, deserve the hearty commendation of our people. We think all were surprised to learn that girls had committed the deed and of course there was more or less sympathy felt for them, especially as they were young girls. But it is right that they should be punished, and it would seem that discretion has been used in the sentence. The case was settled on Saturday last when the girls, whose names and respective ages are, Mary Fitzpatrick 15 years, Alice Fitzpatrick 13, Rosie Clifford 14 and Nellie McCaffrey 11 years, and received their sentence from the judge. The oldest girl, Mary Fitzpatrick, who was the janitress of the building, and who was the ring leader, was sentenced to the Industrial school at Lancaster, Mass., during her minority, and she was taken to her destination by officer Worth on Monday. The only sentence imposed on the other girls was the paying of the costs of the court divided among them and which was paid by their parents. We think this case will be a lesson for good for all wrong doers.

—The recent mild weather has been favorable for building operations. The cellar for the new Episcopal church is nearly completed. The foundations are of unusual strength and much credit is due the contractor for his diligence and the thoroughness of the work. The contract for the carpenter's work has been awarded to Messrs. Mead, Mason & Co., of New York and Boston, a firm whose reputation as builders of churches is second to none.

—Rev. E. C. Hoard, of West Medford, will preach at the Hancock church, next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

—The last lecture in the High School course was given by Mr. Luce, on Wednesday, on electricity.

—The week of prayer has been observed every evening, at the Hancock church.

**EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.**

Thursday night seemed anything but propitious to the success of the "bon-bon party," for the rain descended in torrents and everything was enveloped in an almost impenetrable darkness. Still our ladies were hopeful, and notwithstanding the dreary outlook, all was bright and cheery in the hall and the supper table was heavily laden with the most tempting viands. The assembling of a large company, full of glee and determined to brave the elements, shows what one can do when "on pleasure bent." The hall was well filled with dancers arrayed in their "bon-bon" head gear and they danced the old year out, and the new year in. The ladies after deducting expenses, will place over forty dollars in their treasury.

The Band of Mercy will hold its monthly meeting to-morrow, p. m., Jan. 9th.

We know many of our people will be interested even in a lengthy extract of a letter which was received from Mr. Charles Brown and kindly loaned to us. Mr. Brown resides in East Lexington.

Continued on 1st page.